

# **EXHIBIT A-1**

October 24,2024

### Victim Impact Statement

I am forcing myself to complete this victim impact statement for the Court. I have continued to put it off for many months because the depth of pain I feel is too excruciating to put into words. I cry as I write, randomly screaming, having to remind myself to breathe, knowing this is my one chance to express to the court the true impact of Dr. Paduch's crimes upon my son, my family, and many other innocent victims.

Darius Paduch was the physician who, in 2015, assured me that he was the best doctor to treat my child's incurable genetic condition, professing to be the only doctor who was actually successfully treating boys with my son's exact diagnosis. He was the man I trusted to care for my child. He was a doctor who took an oath to do no harm. Yet the harm that Darius Paduch did in fact inflict upon my son for years is unfathomable. The word harm does not even begin to describe the grievous nature of the crimes committed against my son and many others.

Dr. Paduch's coercion and tactical manipulation of me as a mother, a very worried mother, desperately seeking help for my child, was deliberate and perverse. The length and extent of his abuse is incomprehensible and will forever haunt me.

I will never be able to understand the depth of my son's suffering as a result of this doctor's crimes. The abusive sexual acts committed on his young body and the manipulative mind games this man, his own doctor, played on him - befriending him, enticing him, telling him what he was doing was normal and necessary treatment for his genetic condition- all for this doctor's own deviant sexual satisfaction is dangerously pathological and obscenely criminal.

My son was a child throughout the abuse. He was not an adult who could make informed decisions in an exam room regarding the method his doctor was using to treat his incurable condition, a condition with many co-morbid physical and psychological aspects.

My child was a good boy, gentle, kind and caring. He followed the rules. He was taught by me to respect his elders and to trust in the care givers that his father and I chose for him. As I write these words, the depth of my horror and heartbreak is nearly killing me. I cannot image that I am actually able to even to put it on paper. It seems a nightmare that I must be having. Never in a million years could this be my reality. But somehow it actually is. God help me.

Knowing what this doctor did to my son stabs me with a million knives every day, every single day since the day his depraved and criminal acts were exposed. I would have preferred physical wounds to my body because those wounds would have had a shot at physically healing. There may have been scars left behind, but the bleeding would have been staunched, the wounds would have eventually closed. However, instead I am left with open bleeding, gaping wounds, which now inhabit my body, mind, and soul, wounds that only a mother who loves her child can know, wounds that no amount of therapy has been able to touch.

I do not need to describe to the court what true love feels like. I trust that in your life, you have felt a love for someone akin to the love that I feel for my son, and for all of my children. This love is true, as true as anything that I know. I have spent the past 34 years mothering my children to the best of my ability, every single day. It is my life's greatest and most important endeavor. Their safety and well-being, physically, emotionally, and psychologically is the most important part of my life, more important than even my own life, which I would sacrifice in a heartbeat for them.

Raising our six children who are now between the ages of 23-34, I have had to entrust many other people to help me do my job as a mother, including hundreds of teachers, coaches, tutors, specialists, therapists, trainers, school nurses, babysitters, camp counselors, neighbors, friends, family members, and yes, numerous physicians. Many of these people have been outstanding in their care of my children, several of whom have saved my children's lives in the past 34 years. Others, unfortunately have not - the teacher

who did not fully comprehend my child's learning disabilities, a tutor who's patience was less than desirable, a babysitter who let the kids run wild, a doctor who made an incorrect diagnosis, a therapist who over-billed. Disappointing, but normal occurrences that happen from time to time when navigating parenthood. Know that I took the greatest of care in finding the best providers to help my children, thoroughly researching, checking licenses and certifications, contacting trusted referrals, and personally interviewing every one of them. Many did not make the cut. Only when I felt that the person was the very best option I could find, did I consent to allowing their care of my children.

Attempting recovery from the shock of the trauma of finding out what was done to my youngest child is a daily endeavor. However, I know there can be no recovery for me when it comes to the knowledge that I chose that doctor for my son, that my husband and I personally took him to every appointment, even when he so did not want to. There will be no recovery from the memory of my child saying, "Please don't make me go that doctor. Don't make me go to that 'Zombie Hospital' ever again! Please Mom!" Yet we told him that it was necessary for his health and longevity. We told him that unfortunately, he had to go. It is a bane of every parent's existence, having to subject their own child to painful medical care in the hope that the treatment would save their precious child, give them a shot at a normal life, or at the very least, help them to survive even a day longer if remission was not possible.

There is no recovery from now knowing the many obscene and heinous crimes committed against our son. Unbeknownst to us at the time, these crimes were inflicted on our boy for years, the most formative years of a child's development, physically, emotionally and psychologically. This for me is a life sentence. Can you even begin to imagine a fraction of the pain that imprisons me? And it does not even compare to the scope of suffering my son has and will continue to endure for the **rest of his life** due to that man's crimes. For his whole life Judge, **for life**.

I cannot undo the crimes that were committed for years against him. I cannot know the pain and suffering of the life sentence that my son endures on a daily basis. I cannot know yet what this court will decide is an appropriate sentence, but what I do know is that I expect this guilty criminal's sentence to be greater than the sentence that my son has to live with every day for the rest of his life.

I truly hope my son can survive this. It's ironic, I was so worried from the time I learned of his diagnosis that he would not survive the complications of his condition. Never would I have thought that I would live in daily fear of him surviving the trauma of his own doctor's criminal abuse of him, my beautiful, sweet, innocent boy. It is a true nightmare. I am beyond anger. What I feel is a feeling for which there are no words. I am decimated to my core as a parent for what my son was subjected to under the care of a physician that I chose for him.

What I beg the court, on behalf of all of the victims, their families and loved ones, victims who also are serving their own personal life sentences, would be for Darius Paduch to be sentenced to the maximum penalty allowed by law for each and every crime he has been convicted of committing. As I understand this case, that would be imprisonment for life, twice over. Please know that while Darius Paduch will be physically incarcerated, my son may be free, but he too will be serving a life sentence for the crimes committed against him. He will suffer the effects emotionally, physically and psychologically every day for the rest of his life. I too, may be physically free, but will be serving my own life sentence, right along with my son, daily, forever traumatized by the horror and regret of my decisions to let this man ever medically treat my son for his condition.

Dr. Paduch knew exactly what he was doing to coerce innocent patients with often dire medical conditions to endure horrific abuse under the guise of necessary medical care. He took advantage of his patients' (and their parents') desperation to be well. He violated the fundamental trust patients are ingrained to have in their doctors, doctors they also pay to care for them. The power given to medical providers and hospital systems is immense. I'm sure every person here has had to depend on that infrastructure of trust for themselves or their loved ones at some point. Let this sentencing ruling serve as a beacon of light and hope that the court will punish to the full extent of the law any person who is convicted of knowingly violating their oath by enticing, coercing, deceiving, and physically and sexually abusing his or her patients.

A life sentence would not only send a strong message to would-be predators in positions of power within the medical community, but as importantly, it would send a clear message of assurance to everyday Americans that this court has done everything in its power to proclaim its stance on the consequences that will befall any doctor who sexually violates their patients, especially pediatric patients. It is time that the court condemn those doctors who so deliberately disregard their hippocratic oath and who so audaciously violate the law.

Please set a sentence that will help to assure parents of pediatric patients that they can feel confident in our legal system. That the wheels of justice turn for the innocent. My son was shown no mercy, instead he suffered horrific sexual assault and battery for years. What is his life worth? The life he would have known, a life free of abuse, has been stolen from him, and hundreds of others, irrevocably. I am not seeking revenge here today. As a mother, I am asking for justice under the Federal Criminal Law of the United States of America.

Along with many others, including members of the FBI, the Department of Justice, brave whistleblowers, patient victims, their parents and guardians, and a jury of his peers, we have all done all we can to pursue justice regarding the shocking and despicable crimes of Darius Paduch. Ultimately, thankfully, he was found guilty on every count by the twelve members of the jury in your courtroom. Now, it is up to you as Judge, to serve the victims who come before you in pursuit of justice. Nothing short of a life sentence would be enough, especially given the guilty verdict for his heinous crimes and the lifelong pain and suffering he has left in his wake.

I ask the court respectfully to take notice that my son was a pediatric patient of this doctor, a child when the abuse began, a child as the abuse continued. He was deliberately targeted as a vulnerable and compliant victim. My son never had the free agency like an adult to say no to the abusive treatment inflicted upon him. Most horrifically, if he complained he was reprimanded by this doctor and told that what he was doing was medically necessary to treat his condition. This type of devious, psychological manipulation, and grooming, compounded with each visit in order to control, molest, and perversely debase my son.

The scope of this man's criminal actions is documented over decades. This one doctor's actions have irrevocably and permanently damaged hundreds, if not thousands of lives, For Life. Again, I ask for the maximum sentencing penalty of life in prison for the former urologist Darius Paduch.

Please understand that despite all of this trauma, my son's condition remains. He still requires daily medication, specialized medical care, and testing. Just finding a new doctor for him has been its own trauma. The impact of the years long abuse inflicted on my child affects every area of our lives. It has destroyed our trust not only in doctors and hospital systems, but in people and life. It has destroyed my confidence to disseminate information and make choices to help my children and myself, choices my family has always and will continue to depend on me to make. The collateral damage is incalculable. Dr. Paduch murdered my faith, my trust, my peace, my sleep, my joy, my ability to function daily. There are no words I can say to apologize to my son for what was done to him, but I know that alongside him, I will too be serving my own personal life sentence for the rest of my days.

I am in a unique situation before the court, as the mother of one the youngest and longest victim of this predator's abuse. Darius Paducah is dangerous predator who has expressed no remorse. He did not take ownership of his actions. He did not apologize to a single victim. He did not pledge to change his behavior, nor to make amends. He did not accept a plea deal, but instead forced several of his victims to endure the unspeakable trauma of a public trial, forced them to give testimony to the violations that were perpetrated against them by him, their trusted doctor. The private shame, stigma, and humiliation of sexual abuse and assault are crippling enough, but to stand before a judge, jury, and courtroom full of strangers and reveal that private horror is beyond cruel.

In testifying at trial, the victims' courage to confront the man who subjected them to such insidious abuse was beyond brave. It was heroic. For perspective, just only as one victim's mother who was asked to testify, I endured such trauma from the moment I knew I would be testifying. Having to actually testify in the courtroom was worse than I could ever have imagined. I literally did not think I would be able to physically survive it. I thought my heart would surely give out from the heartbreak and horror of publicly

speaking the truth of what happened to our son. I continue to suffer from that appalling experience to this day. The only reason I even made it through, and continue to survive each day, is for my son. His bravery in testifying to stop this doctor from hurting any more victims gave me the courage to do the same. Please don't underestimate the toll that this man's actions have taken on so many lives. I would give anything including my own life to have spared my son from the trauma inflicted upon him by this doctor, but none of us can undo any of it. We can only hope that you will dispose the maximum penalty using the full extent of your judicial power to send Darius Paduch to prison for life. Although one of countless sentences of your career, this particular sentence matters for so many reasons, to so many people.

If this is the longest sentence you have ever given, or will give in the future, it is warranted in this case. Knowing this predator is behind bars and will stay behind bars, is a small price Paduch pays for my son to feel even a modicum of safety from the threat of him looming out in the world and finding him and hurting him again. That is but one of the many nightmares you can alleviate for the victims and their families.

I will forever, be haunted by the inescapable images of abuse that plague my mind, the abuse inflicted upon my son for years, behind my back. The doctor's calculated manipulation of me as a parent, his skillful coercing and enticing me to entrust my son's care to him, has left unimaginable, inescapable trauma and suffering for me on a daily basis. Darius Paduch single-handedly decreed upon me a life sentence, one that I have been forced to serve for HIS crimes, one that I have no choice but to serve in agony for the rest of my life. My horror and compassion extend to every single one of his patient victims, and also to the unnamed victims of the people who love all of the patients he deliberately harmed, but most importantly to my child, the child who trusted me most in the world to keep him safe.

This man must not ever have the opportunity to be free, free to be alone with an unsuspecting innocent person, free to use his authority, former credentials, research, words, skillful charm and covert manipulation tactics to seduce one more potential victim EVER.

Why a life sentence, Judge? For the very simple reason that my son was given a life sentence from the moment he was first abused by Darius Paduch. And so was I.

# **EXHIBIT A-2**

Your Honor,

It's hard to express in words the amount of good faith and trust that was robbed from me from a singular encounter with Darius Paduch. (Doctor is no longer befitting). My assumption in writing about the disgusting details of my time at his office, the level of manipulation and the perversion of his behavior might start to sound repetitive with what's already been expressed in court and in the media. It becomes "more of the same" despite how gross it all is. At some point the shock of it dulls and it takes a reminding that each victim's story is a person whose life has been impacted by an absolute deviant. The details matter however if I'm to explain the effect of what this man did how the descriptions of "degenerate", "selfish", "perversion of a human" might be considered generous. He did not care about my well being or his other patients but rather was a master at preying on people when they were in their most vulnerable states. If you would indulge me I can explain how I arrived at this very specific description of this man.

I know for me personally there was a lot of vulnerability in going to see him for what I needed. For better or worse, my needs were not something I wanted to talk about with other people in my life because it was personal and if expressed would be embarrassing. So, like most people I stayed quiet and did my research. I read doctor bios that were backed by major medical institutions. I was looking for a way in to get help from those who would listen, have empathy and are medically capable to addressing this need. I rationalized with myself that these people are professionals, they've seen it all, they'll know what to do... they are here to help! His bio in particular read great, there was nothing to worry about.

Despite all of that rationalizing, and as a person who values his privacy, I was extremely nervous to share my issue, even with a doctor. I was hoping for a way out, that my problem would resolve itself, but it wasn't going to. Despite being wracked with anxiety I recall arriving in his office having finally deciding to have some faith in a medical professional and let my guard down. I imagine many can relate to this sort of moment.

What I was obviously never considered was the professional level of manipulation I was about to endure. Using my situation, my anxiety, my nervousness and vulnerable state against me, he was able to corner me with manipulative tactics that I was not prepared to defend myself from. First being led into an office for a face to face interview with questions about my personal sex life, being asked how big my penis was in different stages, how often I masturbate etc. My discomfort and anxiety was at an all time high but his intent was: If I don't share all he can't help me. All of this discussion was largely unrelated to the type of help I needed but in the moment you think "he must know what he's doing, right?" I answered as best I could not realizing there was a devious intent behind these questions. Only after looking back did I realize to what level this was a violation of my person and my privacy.

That manipulation continued in the exam room. Being injected with a chemical agent meant to induce an erection wasn't the real issue. It's the manipulation and aggression of what followed: First being instructed to masturbate in front of him in order to do more



than what the injection could on its own. Being given pornography despite my objections when the results was not to his liking. Being insulted by him; telling me that when he injects himself with this he is 'incredibly hard and on the verge of ejaculating.' The insinuation was that there's something wrong with me for not being the exact same way as him. When the results of all of this manipulation was not to his satisfaction he finally did what is a bit beyond comprehension for me, even in hindsight; he reached out with bare hands, grabbed my penis and attempted to masturbate for me in a frustrated and aggressive manor...

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So, what's the point of detailing all of that? Its disgusting. It seems not possible, almost made up. I have imagined that if I ever told someone this story they would ask, "why didn't you walk out right away?" "why didn't you hit him, tell him off?" Things along those lines. All very good questions! Somehow, in the moment, my disbelief in what was happening was still countered by this idea that he was "a doctor". That we're standing inside a major medical institution therefore maybe I'm wrong in thinking he is wrong. I thought 'this must be part of it, let's just get through this so I can get the help I need.' I thought 'they must ask everyone these questions' and 'they must have everyone do this, what do I know?'... Even at the end when I backed away from him in that exam room after he grabbed me he seemed disgusted at me and disappointed. I recalled him saying that he couldn't treat me if I didn't trust him and did what he said. Even at that very moment I think I maintained an apologetic nature! Which even the thought of that makes me incredibly angry at myself. This doctor who had a great bio backed by a major hospital wouldn't be lying to me, right?... he couldn't be manipulating me?.... At the time, THIS is what seemed made up and not possible. In hindsight I would have loved to have defended myself in that moment. (Something I would have regretted because there was no witnesses in the room to know who was right or who was wrong, after all he is the doctor.)

I left there feeling incredibly violated but still somehow confused about whether I was the one who was wrong. My near panic level of anxiety spared me from enduring much worse as it prevented me from "performing" to his satisfaction or coming back to see him again as he suggested. I slowly began to consider that maybe what just happened shouldn't have happened. I also thought that if I go around telling people this no one is going to believe me. Did I just get sexually molested by a grown man hiding behind the guise of a doctor? That seemed impossible and I thought I would do what many do, pretend it didn't happen. Try and forget about it. You hear this all the time when women go through this but never imagine this could happen to a man... but here I am. When the details of this case came out in the media it was finally revealed that I wasn't the only one. Detail by detail it was almost exact to what my experience was! Learning there were so many more like me I now had to reconcile that I was so very wrong for not realizing I was the one who was right all along, not the other way around.

I never shared this story with anyone. When I finally worked up the courage to see a different urologist all my fears of what happened were validated by how absolutely professional and medically appropriate that experience was to the one described above.



They don't even compare. This validation came as an absolute shock to me. Since then I went over 10 years without seeing any doctor for any reason. I avoided doctors at all cost without knowing if I was risking my health in any way. I used false bravado as my excuse but ultimately I was terrified to see a doctor again. My trust was gone. Even though I knew good doctors had to exist my anxiety would jump right back up again at the idea of booking an appointment. Fortunately I've been able to maneuver out of that mindset for fear of remaining a captured victim which I do not wish to me. To this day I will only make appointments with women doctors as a compromise with my own emotions about all of this.

I wish I could have summed up all of the above in a more concise way or could combine the write words to capture my disgust, anger and frustration in a few simple paragraphs in order to not have to dwell on any of this again. My hope is that this letter and any others you've read represents the final few moments any of his victims have to spend thinking about him. Whatever punishment he gets it's well deserved. The time to be wasted thinking about the past is with him now and I hope there's a lot of it.

Sincerely,  
Lost Faith

# **EXHIBIT A-3**

I am so horrified by the crimes committed by the defendant in this matter and saddened to learn of the nature, scale, and duration of the injuries he caused to so many. The specialization of urology is particularly sensitive as it requires access to the most intimate parts of a patient's body. Patients suffering from urological ailments must put aside their natural inhibitions in order to allow a stranger, in a strange setting, to fully examine them. In the absence of inhibition, something must fill the void: trust. Trust helps a patient through the awkward and uncomfortable process of examinations, interventions, and recovery. We as patients rely on this trust, in addition to respect for our caregivers, to help us navigate these most difficult moments in our lives. It was trust (along with so many other things) that was utterly destroyed by this man in his depraved quest for personal satisfaction. I experienced abuse by the defendant, with the associated feelings of shame and anger. Reflecting back on my interactions with him, his behavior was clearly manipulative and insidious. I am so sorry to hear of the depth of the abuse suffered by others in this matter. Our patient trust has been eroded as it relates to encounters with medical professionals. It must be regained and it will be an uphill battle.

Thank you

# **EXHIBIT A-4**

To the Honorable Judge

Thank you for having me speak to you. I testified as Matthew Cirello in the courts in April. It was a tough decision to testify in court and have to face Mr. Paduch again. The last time I saw him was at an appointment in New York City at NY Presbyterian hospital. The last time I had heard from him, he was asking for me to go to Long Island. It's a terrifying thought of what could have happened had I gone there.

When I first started seeing Mr Paduch I was just a young 16 year old with no desires for any type of sexual activity. I went from seeing a Urologist for my Klinefelter's Syndrome, to seeing that same "doctor" who wanted me to increase my sexual activity stating it was for my health benefit. I was told to watch all kinds of porn and asked to explore to find what I liked. He would play porn for me in his office when he would examine me. I was told to stroke myself as if I was masturbating, while watching the video on his computer and to act if he wasn't there. On multiple occasions I was masturbated by Mr. Paduch himself. It was instilled in my head by Mr. Paduch that I had to masturbate everyday or my health would be at risk. And after doing that every single day for weeks that turned into months, months that turned into years, It is very hard to just stop.

I am 33 now, I have a severe porn and sex addiction that has taken hold of me since my encounters with Mr. Paduch. There is no cure for these kinds of addictions and my mental health has taken a toll as a result of the mental and physical abuse he has caused me throughout the years. This has affected my everyday life, and will continue to affect me as I continue to try to navigate my addiction as a result of Mr. Paduch's abuse.

I will never fully recover from the pain. The only relief that I can get is knowing justice will be served; for him to never see the light of day again and he will never hurt anyone again. I will never forgive him for what he has done to me. I trust that you will make the right decision.

Matthew Cirello

# **EXHIBIT A-5**

**Re: United States v. Paduch, S2 23 Cr. 181 (RA)**

Dear Judge Abrams,

I was 14 years old when I had my first appointment with Dr. Paduch. I was a child, and my parents were seeking help for my recent diagnosis of Klinefelter's Syndrome. Dr. Paduch was considered the leading expert in the field of Klinefelter's Syndrome, working at one of the most prestigious institutions in New York. I believed that if anyone could help me navigate these issues, it was Dr. Paduch. I had no idea the terrible things Dr. Paduch was capable of and that for years he would abuse me for his own sexual gratification.

At my first appointment, Dr. Paduch, masturbated me using his hands until I ejaculated. I had never had a previous sexual experience and had no idea what was normal in a urologic appointment. Although I felt humiliated and extremely confused, I assumed everything he did was to help in my treatment with Klinefelter's Syndrome.

I saw Dr. Paduch approximately every six months from 2015 until late 2022. He sexually assaulted me at every single appointment during that time period. He masturbated me. He asked me to masturbate in front of him. He digitally penetrated my anus under the guise of prostate exams.

This abuse lives with me today. I suffer from guilt, shame, and embarrassment surrounding what Dr. Paduch did to me as a child and as an adult. I have trust issues with doctors and feel betrayed by institutions that were supposed to help me heal. Instead, I am left with memories of the abuse that haunts me at night and replays in my head during the day. This sexual abuse has hindered my ability to start and maintain a serious, romantic relationship. My last relationship ended due in large part to the trauma from my sexual abuse.

To be clear, Dr. Paduch was preying on the most vulnerable – children with Klinefelter's Syndrome who needed regular treatment. He targeted me knowing I was dependent on him for basic care – including needed testosterone treatment and to potentially preserve my fertility. He used that against me and others for his own sexual gratification. I still need regular care for my Klinefelter's Syndrome, but I struggle to get the care I still need because of my fear of another doctor abusing me.

Dr. Paduch's actions have left me in a state of turmoil and depression. I am now 23 years old and learning to adjust to my new reality. The reality that I will always have to live with what Dr. Paduch did to me. My hope is that he receives justice for what he did to me and so many others for decades with calculating malice. Dr. Paduch deserves to spend many, many years in prison as a result of his horrific actions towards me and so many others.

Regards,

*/s/Luke Bevin*



# **EXHIBIT A-6**

**Re: United States v. Paduch, S2 23 Cr. 181 (RA)**

Dear Judge Abrams,

I am writing to share my experience and the profound impact Dr. Paduch's assault has had on my life. It's important for me to express the extent of this trauma and its ongoing effects. The physical assault was terrifying, but the emotional aftermath has been far more challenging. The joy I once felt has been overshadowed by the constant state of psychological and emotional anguish.

In the weeks and months following the assault, I found it difficult to cope. Since that day, I have struggled with anxiety, depression, feelings of isolation, fear and emasculation to name a few. Relationships with friends, family and personal relationships have become strained as I withdrew from social interactions and have become emotionally numb. I have felt as if I was a burden to those who loved me, and I feared they would not understand the chaos in my mind. The isolation deepened my feelings of shame and guilt, making it even harder to reach out for help. The stigma surrounding sexual assault only adds to the pain. I should be a man and tough it out, I thought, but I could not. When I think about sharing my story, I am met with fear of judgement and misunderstanding. This fear has kept me from seeking the support I need, leaving me feeling trapped in my trauma and completely hopeless.

Physically and emotionally, I am mutilated. I was deceived into an unnecessary surgery. With these scars I am constantly reminded of my naivety and stupidity. Trusting the chief of medicine was my biggest mistake. My career has been affected, I work closely with doctors and have to trust them, but I also fear those in that position. It is quite a paradox. Medical tests that I need or want to have, I find it difficult to go without having anxiety or panic attacks.

Dr. Paduch was in a position of power and took advantage of me and others when we were most vulnerable. We were just seeking help. We will forever live with the flashbacks and nightmares. Unfortunately haunted by his predatory eyes and lewd smirk looking down at me. An image I can't shake.

The effect he's had on my life has been immeasurable and I wish for justice so that myself and others can move on with our healing journey. Thank you for listening.

Sincerely,

/s/ G.B. [REDACTED]

# **EXHIBIT A-7**

**Re: United States v. Paduch, S2 23 Cr. 181 (RA)**

Dear Honorable Judge Abrams,

I am writing this statement to share the impact that Darius Paduch's actions have had on my life. I have taken a great deal of time to reflect on how the sexual assault I experienced has affected me both when it happened and my life there afterward. I hope that by sharing my story, the court will understand the deep and lasting pain his crimes have caused.

The assault has had profound emotional and psychological effects on me. Since the incident, I have wrestled with severe waves of depression, anxiety, doubt, and a lack of confidence in myself. For years, I have found it difficult to trust people, particularly those in positions of authority like doctors, which has affected my ability to seek medical care and other forms of support. I have also sought out various forms of therapy and counseling to reconcile the inner turmoil I was dealing with. You can imagine that beyond just my medical needs, how this has impacted my social and romantic lives.

The trauma of this event has stayed with me throughout my whole life, influencing the way I view myself and the world around me. I have had issues socializing with others throughout high school. This seeped into my college career, as well as my ability to live the regular life of a young adult.

The financial burden of this crime has also weighed on me. I have had to pay for therapy, psychiatry, medication and other services to help me heal, and this has placed an additional strain on my financial well-being.

The actions of Darius Paduch have altered the course of my life in ways that I am still coming to terms with. I will never forget what was done to me in the isolation of his office, and the emotional, psychological, and physical scars will always be part of my story and are now deeply embedded into who I've become.

I hope that, in sentencing Darius Paduch, the court will consider the lasting harm caused by this crime, amongst a sea of others he's violated including those in my own family. While no sentence can undo the past, I believe that holding Darius Paduch accountable to the full extent of the law is important not only for my healing, but for ensuring that this does not happen ever again. A precedent must be set that this should never even be a possibility within the institution of modern-day medicine.

Thank you for taking the time to hear my story and for your consideration in this matter.

Regards,

*/s/Matthew Colon*

# **EXHIBIT A-8**

There are so many things I want to say to you do to you. sitting here in front of a man that can only be described

As anything but human. i may be just a little part of what you have done, but you hurt me

Mentally and physically.

You made me have a distrust In so much in life. I'm still trying to piece together everything trying to come to the conclusion that everything will be okay.

Even with your gone i have so much to put back together. you took away so much and did so little to help. You watched as your patients suffered and you enjoyed it. You gave a little boy, hope unripped it away. Every day he lived.

it would be mercy to say, I wish you were dead. That you get stabbed to death by your fellow inmates but I truly

Hope you spend the rest of your life in  
prison suffering.

I hope you live till 200 in that cell

As your former self rots away and we can  
finally see how weak you really, are



# **EXHIBIT A-9**

**Re: United States v. Paduch, S2 23 Cr. 181 (RA)**

Your Honor,

Before becoming a patient of Darius Paduch, I was a vibrant, strong, and confident young man. I was comfortable in my own skin, able to navigate social situations with ease, and had a healthy sense of self-worth. However, the multiple assaults I endured at the hands of Mr. Paduch shattered that sense of self and profoundly altered my life. It wasn't just the physical violations, but the betrayal of trust by someone we are encouraged to trust that left me feeling broken, humiliated, and utterly powerless.

The abuse inflicted by the defendant has profoundly altered my sense of self and my perception of the world. It stripped away my self-esteem, blurred the lines between right and wrong, and left deep emotional scars that I struggle with daily. What was once a bright future full of potential became overshadowed by overwhelming self-doubt, shame, and misplaced guilt.

Instead of thriving in my prime, I found myself trapped in a cycle of self-deprecation, viewing myself as damaged and worthless. This internal turmoil manifested as a complex range of emotions: anger, resentment, loneliness, and a pervasive feeling of inadequacy. Trusting others became nearly impossible, which severely impeded my ability to form healthy relationships and isolated me from family and friends.

The trauma has led to extensive battles with depression, anxiety, panic attacks, and PTSD - constant reminders of the pain I've endured. For years, I've grappled with a relentless flood of critical inner voices, desperately seeking ways to silence them and reclaim my sense of worth.

One of the most challenging aspects of this ordeal has been the daily internal struggle with the shame and stigma surrounding male-on-male sexual assault. Society's unspoken expectation for men to simply "man up" effectively silenced me for a long time. This made it incredibly difficult to reach out for help or even begin to process the trauma I experienced. This isolation only compounded the pain, leaving me to grapple with these complex emotions largely on my own. There have been times when I've questioned whether things can ever really get better.

Shortly after the abuse, I began experiencing sudden episodes of panic and anxiety that would leave me incapacitated and unable to speak. This marked the beginning of a downward spiral in my life, characterized by self-destructive behavior and poor decision-making. I turned to substance abuse, physical aggression, and other harmful coping mechanisms in a misguided attempt to numb the pain.

My distrust of authority figures, born from the betrayal I experienced, led me to avoid and challenge those in positions of power by resorting to dangerous and risky behavior. I sabotaged professional opportunities for advancement and leadership, convinced that those in charge would inevitably betray me. This belief not only hindered my career growth but also prevented me from forming meaningful mentorship relationships.

The impact on my personal life has been equally profound. Intimacy and relationships have become a minefield of emotional turmoil. Simple gestures of affection now trigger feelings of disgust, sadness, and shame. What should be special, memorable encounters are tainted by intrusive memories and incomprehensible physical reactions. Dr. Paduch's actions have severely compromised my ability to connect fully with partners and experience intimacy without fear.

Perhaps my greatest regret is how this trauma has affected my roles as a husband and father. My sense of masculinity has been deeply shaken, leaving me constantly stressed and fearful of failing as the man and provider I believe I should be. This experience has robbed me of countless moments that should have been filled with love and connection, leaving me unable to be fully present for my family. I now struggle with an overwhelming, unhealthy obsession to protect my son from predators, while my marriage suffers from the anxiety and inadequacy I feel in moments of physical and emotional intimacy.

The financial toll has also been significant. In addition to derailing what was a bright and promising career, years of therapy, medications, and lost wages due to mental health struggles have drained my resources.

While I'm committed to healing, I know that the effects of the abuse will likely stay with me for life. However, I'm determined not to let these events define me or my future, and I refuse to let them continue to impact my wife and children. I'm working to rebuild my sense of self-worth and identity, and I'm committed to creating a safer and more just world for all survivors of abuse.

I ask the court to consider the full impact of this crime when determining the sentence. Darius Paduch should be held accountable for both the initial abuse and its long-term consequences.

Thank you for allowing me to share my story.

Regards,

*/s/Anonymous*

# **EXHIBIT A-10**

**Re: United States v. Paduch, S2 23 Cr. 181 (RA)**

Honorable Judge,

I was 23 when I had my first visit with Dr. Paduch. I was seeking medical care for an embarrassing and troubling condition and believed that seeing a professional at a top-notch academic center would fix it all. As a young man, I only knew to trust my doctors and do what I was told. They are the experts. They know what is best. And I needed to fully trust that.

Even to this day, I am unable to forget the memories from my visits with Dr. Paduch. My whole body was violated by him in a humiliating manner. And yet I continued to be his patient for so many years, because I believed that what he was doing was medically necessary. I dispelled any feelings of hesitation and doubt because he was a credentialed doctor at a top tier institution. I let him touch and penetrate my body during our appointments, and then afterwards I would go to the office manager to book my next appointment because that is what patients do after they see their doctor. I let him operate on me, which further reinforced my belief that he was a legitimate doctor, and also provided more reasons for me to continue to follow-up with him so he could abuse me.

Because I was visiting him for an embarrassing procedure, many of my friends and family did not know that I was in the care of a urologist. Therefore, I felt I could only voice my medical concerns with Dr. Paduch and his nursing staff. Because they were the medical professionals, they were the ones I felt I needed to trust to help manage my condition.

I wish I could go back to my 23 year old self and tell him to run as far away from Dr. Paduch and never go back. I wish I could protect my younger self and take him out of Dr. Paduch's examination room. I wish some of the staff at Cornell would have stopped him. But unfortunately, I cannot. So, I continue to live with these painful and traumatic memories that I cannot get out of my head and body.

Regards,

*/s/Anonymous*

# **EXHIBIT A-11**

Your Honor, I am not only a victim of Dr. Paduch, but also as someone who was deeply failed by the hospitals and institutions that were supposed to protect me. It wasn't just Dr. Paduch who hurt me—those who allowed him to continue practicing despite clear warning signs played a critical role in my suffering. These institutions, which were meant to be a safe haven for patients, allowed a predator to operate and practice freely, leaving people like me vulnerable to unspeakable harm.

I trusted these hospitals with my life. I was in a place where I should have felt protected, where I believed the doctors and staff would prioritize my well-being. Instead, they enabled someone who should have been stopped long ago to continue practicing. The scars I now carry, both physically and emotionally, are reminders of this betrayal. Every time I see them, I am reminded that the institutions designed to protect patients failed in the most catastrophic way.

Your Honor, I appreciate the care and consideration you've given to us in this case, but I also want to emphasize that this is not just about one individual's crimes—it's about a system that allowed those crimes to persist for far too long. The hospitals turned a blind eye, and their failure has left me and so many others living with the consequences.

This ordeal has had a devastating effect on my life. Despite therapy and my efforts to move forward, the anxiety, fear, and loss of trust are constant companions. It has affected my relationships and made it difficult for me to feel safe in situations where I should feel protected. The institutions that should have shielded me from harm instead placed me directly in its path.

Your Honor, I trust in your wisdom to impose a sentence that reflects not only the harm Dr. Paduch has done but also the failure of the hospitals to prevent it. They had countless opportunities to stop him, and yet, they didn't. I know you understand the gravity of this betrayal, and I hope that this kind of systemic negligence will not go unnoticed or unpunished ever again.

I appreciate the time you have given to hear our voices, and I am grateful for your role in delivering justice. I hope the sentence you pass down reflects the full weight of the damage that was allowed to continue unchecked for so long.



# **EXHIBIT A-12**

Letter to Dr Paduch:

I'm writing this letter to confront you and explain the extreme trauma you caused me through your abusive actions. As a healthcare professional, that I fully trusted, you took advantage of my sensitive health issue and used this to sexually abuse me for your own pleasure. You violated me in the most damaging way possible. You performed procedures and surgeries on me that were not only embarrassing and painful but unnecessary. These actions had a profound and lasting effect on me and my wife. These actions are inexcusable and a clear abuse of power and trust. Your actions have stayed with me for over 10 plus years and will never go away. I have felt anger, shame and embarrassment with myself and have blamed myself for several years and get sick to my stomach every time I think about what you did to me.

I was so desperate to try and have a baby and you took advantage of that. Your sick and sadistic actions are disgusting and should never happen to a patient in any healthcare setting. I know this can't be undone but you should and need to pay for your actions. Thankfully I have had support from my family and a therapist to assist with the guilt and shame I feel every day. Although I'm changed forever, the only solace I have is that you can never do this to anyone again.

# **EXHIBIT A-13**

Dear Judge,

The abuse had a chilling effect on my self care. Dr. Paduch shattered my faith in Healthcare, making me distrustful of doctors and medical staff. The violation of my trust and my body was exacerbated by the fact that doctors are trusted with our most vulnerable moments and this doctor chose to pervert that authoritative and sacred role with his sexual appetite. Although my physical wounds may heal, my spirit will remain broken by the added knowledge that I was among his first victims. The thought that i may have done something to stop him will haunt me. The law is all that can help bring closure to this humiliating experience. There is a special place in hell and prison for serial rapists of this caliber and I beseech the Court to order the maximum sentence permitted by law and conscience.

Respectfully,

# **EXHIBIT A-14**

**TO: ATD LAW FIRM (Anthony T DiPietro, Esq.)**

**FOR: DR. DARIUS PADUCH CASE (New York Presbyterian Weill Cornell)**

In July of the year 2007 I was diagnosed with a very aggressive form of prostate cancer and became a patient at New York Presbyterian Weill Cornell.

Following two surgeries, months of radiation and hormone treatment at New York Presbyterian Weill Cornell, I had become a patient of Dr. Darius Paduch. During one of my appointments with Dr. Paduch he had me undress and get onto the exam table. Unaware of what was happening, Dr. Paduch began masturbating me. He began getting very aggressive, going faster and faster causing my penis to become very irritated and raw. I was extremely uncomfortable and the pain and discomfort continued for a period of approximately three weeks following.

I recall leaving the exam room and telling my wife that he had really hurt me. I couldn't bring myself to tell her, at that time, what Dr. Paduch had done to cause the pain and discomfort. I eventually felt the need to tell my wife due to the fact that my mood would sometimes change in an instant and I would become very anxious and angry whenever that experience would come to mind. Throughout the years the emotion caused by this abuse has affected me and my relationship with my wife.

The fear of reporting this incident and not knowing who to confide in, due to the fact that I was continuing to receive medical treatment with other doctors at New York Presbyterian Weill Cornell, prevented me from moving forward. I was in a very vulnerable and weak state

following the surgeries and months of treatments and was concerned how this would have affected my treatment going forward. I had remained a patient at New York Presbyterian Weill Cornell for many years thereafter.

I have carried the trauma of this experience throughout the years as it was a very difficult and dark time in my life. It is truly difficult to express the emotions I've dealt with and the affect this has had on my life and how very difficult it is for any man/person to have to carry this abuse throughout their life.

Now, knowing that I was not the only person being subjected to this doctor's abuse, the anxiety and anger is even more intensified. I can only hope that I, and all of the victims of this abuse, can somehow move forward and put this behind us to live a normal and healthy life.

In closing, I would just like to say that I am deeply grateful for my other four doctors who saved my life.



# **EXHIBIT A-15**

**Re: United States v. Paduch, S2 23 Cr. 181 (RA)**

Your Honor,

I am here to speak about the considerable physical and emotional impacts that Paduch has had and still has on my life.

When I spoke on the stand I had one of the worst anxiety attacks I have ever experienced in my life. I thought I had numbed myself enough while still being authentic and truthful, and through seeing pictures of him prior I would be able to speak on my experience, however seeing him in person affected me much more heavily than I had expected it to and it really felt like I was unable to say the full extent of what I needed to. I left things out that had been incredibly meaningful to me and have been beating myself up for it for the months that followed. I hope to be able to express that in this letter.

In 2008-2009 I saw Paduch a total of 4 times regarding my abnormally short stature in relation to Klinefelter's Syndrome, to determine if I had any viable sperm and if so, to potentially save sperm with cryo. The incident took place during an attempt to save sperm.

I was told to masturbate and that he would give me some privacy and come back in 15 minutes. I was not given any visual aids, or a container to ejaculate in, I was nude under a medical gown with no socks on and the floor and room was really cold. I had trouble getting erect in that environment and I was confused by what I was supposed to do, and I really had to urinate. He walked in abruptly to "check" like he had expected me to still be at it, instead I was too embarrassed having been almost caught trying to pee in the wastebasket. Since I was just standing there, not having "made progress" it felt like he was in this big rush and annoyed with everything. I tried to cover for what I was doing and how ridiculous the whole situation felt. I remembered how I'd seen movies where the adults could look at dirty magazines to do what I was supposed to. How was I supposed to do this when I had nothing to look at? I impatiently asked him "can't you just give me something?" I meant in my head like a magazine, and thought his response would be that I was too young. Instead, he put on gloves and applied a cold lubricant to his fingers. He pushed my robe aside and reached for me. I remember just standing there frozen, just thinking "I didn't mean that." I didn't even think that was what was going to happen. I didn't know if I could take back what I said and how I said it.

At first he wasn't that close to me, but he started to creep closer until I could feel his clothes starting to press into me. The actual feeling of him standing so close and pressing himself against me, how his body and stomach pressed against mine, how he breathed, feeling his breath on my face. I could feel and hear his heartbeat. His eyes looked down on me, his slight moaning asking if it felt like I was getting there. And then I said no. I couldn't get harder and he lost patience, he stopped and stepped away seemingly annoyed. I felt panic and fear like I did something wrong, I felt like I had to beg him to help me. "Can't you just do something, can't you just do it?" And he started to. He sighed like he was annoyed and started again. After a few more minutes. I couldn't take it and said I have to go to the bathroom. I no longer cared about not having clothes on under my gown. He walked me out and I remember him slowly walking closely behind me, I didn't like it and I rushed away immediately. I remember watching him turn in another direction. I walked past cubicles and around through the office to get to the bathroom near the entrance. After I went to the bathroom I wanted to leave immediately. I

remember looking around, quickly walking back to the room, grabbing my clothes and getting changed. I went back to the entrance and wanted to just go, I felt like hiding. I remember my dad asking if it was all done if everything was finished and I couldn't answer. Paduch came back out; he said I didn't finish but it was okay because he found some on the floor. I felt panicked that I had to say it was just pee, but I couldn't speak. I just wanted to leave.

For a long time I felt like I was the one who made the mistake, so I had to make up for it. I wanted to try again but I couldn't tell my parents why it didn't work the first time. I was just frustrated and annoyed, I felt like I was being misunderstood. My parents had told me Paduch was suggesting another appointment and that I needed to go back to try again. I reacted very strongly that I did not want to go back, and when they pressured me on why, it slipped out. I did not go into details, just very briefly said what he did. I didn't understand the extent of what happened because in my mind I told myself it wasn't that bad and I was making it bigger than it was.

I remember being in his office again with my mom and dad. My mom said, "how dare he" and "that they were going to sue." His eyes on me. And his irritation. How he made it seem completely professional and medical only, he said "he would do it for his own son if he was having trouble too," then acted like he was angry at the suggestion he was being inappropriate and I was making things up. I felt pressured to take it back in front of my parents. "It wasn't that big a deal." It made me feel like I had to downplay everything. The whole situation was horrible and very confusing.

The phrase "he would do it to his own son," may seem like it was just a minor detail, but that stuck with me and repeated in my mind as I tried to sleep and the bubble of anxiety in my chest that maybe I wasn't just making it all bigger than it was. I had always been ashamed to bring it up. For a very long time I could never see it as sexual abuse or an assault because I literally "asked" for it. "Can't you just give me something? I can't. I need help, can't you just do it?" Yet because he had said those words in our confrontation with him, it gave me something I could still hold on to.

My parents had wanted to report him to the medical board and have his license revoked or better yet, arrested. They wanted to warn other parents about his abuse of power and position and spoke to other doctors about what our options were at the hospital but were told his behavior was "well known" and "nothing could be done about it." I lost considerable trust in authoritative figures and doctors as a result of having my experience brushed over. When I was older and having appointments without my parents present, I tried to speak to my doctors and learn of any updates regarding Paduch, but they always very sternly shut any conversation about the topic down.

It has affected my ability to seek out help regarding fertility as it reminded me of the trauma. It has made me feel I've lost the ability to ever have my own children. It has affected physical relationships as being touched or approached from behind aggravates an intense startle response and increased anxiety.

When I was around 19, I heard of a microsurgery being performed as another option available. It was something I had heard was best performed from the ages 21-23. As he was so well regarded in the medical community and was at the forefront of research and studies for my condition; I constantly would hear him being praised and every which

way I turned it felt he had a presence. For the majority of my teenage-mid 20s, I had the incorrect impression that in order to have the pathway open to a natural fatherhood, I would need to face or be involved with him again, which I had very much been struggling to cope with. As I aged past 23, due to my inability to face him again, I just felt resigned to the fact that I may never be able to have children on my own.

In around 2018 I went to an AXYS convention where I saw him and other doctors speak on research developments for X and Y variation conditions. When he got up to speak I immediately felt sick and cold, I felt small and it became difficult to breathe. I couldn't make eye contact with him or look in his direction, his voice made me nauseous. I left the room and went up to the hotel room I was staying in and just curled up in bed. I later came down to participate in a men's KS group and tried hinting that I had a bad experience with Paduch when the other people started talking about him and the good he was doing, I just felt sick.

A bit later in 2019 I participated in an NIH study about X and Y variations. I spoke to a counselor about having recently seen Paduch speaking, my experience with him and the mental anguish and stress I had been feeling. She was very disturbed and alarmed and for the first time seemed to take it seriously. She said she would look into it, but I never heard anything after.

For years I had not truly accepted or acknowledged it. He was still practicing, and everyone seemed to have something good to say about him, so I just put it out of my mind and procrastinated following up on the microsurgery route. When my sister sent me a link calling people forward to speak out against him, it all became incredibly real again. It completely overturned years and years of mental blockages and denial.

The memory of the abuse has very negatively affected my life. It has most recently resurfaced in the form of C-PTSD/denial, increased pure O OCD, and emotional dysregulation in the form of heightened anxiety and emotional detachment. I have been having frequent and alarming dissociative episodes and that has re-traumatized and caused me to relive the sensations I had experienced at the time of the abuse. It has made me develop multiple phobias I had previously brushed off as just normal, but now make complete sense in connection to the trauma. I become intensely uncomfortable, immediately anxious and nauseous, and physically cold when asked or required to change clothes. I cannot be approached from behind or have my back facing a door. I developed a severe flinch and freeze response that followed me throughout many years. I developed a "brace for impact" like anxiety and would physically tense up around people with a similar physical build and demeanor as Paduch. The sound of others' breathing, or their heartbeats makes me very uncomfortable. I developed a social anxiety of meeting people's eyes. I have an intense fear of being rushed with words or misunderstood that stemmed from being heavily gaslit in the meeting with Paduch after the incident took place. The lack of consequence that he faced for so many years significantly and negatively impacted my mental state.

I was and have been emotionally numb and detached. My mind feels foggy and empty, yet I'm in a constant state of hyper vigilance of my surroundings and my own mental and physical state. I am constantly tense and feel like I'm bracing for something. I began having severe anxiety when people stood too close or directly behind me regardless of my own relationship with them. If I began having any inner

monologue or actively recalled the events, I repeated over and over that "it wasn't that bad, stop making it bigger than it was, it's not a big deal" until my mind blanked completely, thus avoiding facing the experience at risk of re-traumatizing myself. It has made me feel an urgent and intense need to fully explain or volunteer as much information as possible to medical related authorities, to almost "prove" myself.

Most recently I was badly affected in the form of a complex PTSD episode and reliving the sensations felt during the incident. I heard my own voice turn childish and high pitched, I felt immediately cold and began uncontrollably shaking, I felt sick to my stomach and began having vivid flashbacks, then my mind raced repeating "soothing" sentences "it's not that big a deal, stop making it bigger than it was, it doesn't really matter," but then recognizing the almost subconscious coping which backfired and made me hyper aware of my mental state and body. It heavily re-triggered flashbacks of the event in vivid details.

. I felt I had been unable to follow through with previous options of cryopreservation and the microsurgery I needed due to his involvement. I am hoping that new pathways open regarding options available towards natural fatherhood that were previously barred by Paduch's presence, but I fear that the window has closed for me.

I am incredibly grateful for my opportunity to be involved and having been invited to share my experience through this letter. The incredible prosecutors and people who have really taken action against this monster have truly rejuvenated my trust and hope that I and the many other victims may receive some closure and justice. I hope that this statement helps the court understand the deep and lasting impact Paduch's crimes have had on my and likely many others' lives.

Sincerely,

*/s/Toran Chambers*

# **EXHIBIT A-16**

The Honorable, Judge Ronnie Abrams  
US District Court for the Southern District of New York  
Thurgood Marshall  
United States Courthouse  
40 Foley Square  
New York, NY 10007

Dear Judge Abrams,

The irony of a person with my professional credentials and experience falling victim to Darius Paduch is, to say the least, outsized. However, this 'irony' is dwarfed by its own relevance to the matter before your court today.

In brief, I am quickly approaching my 45th anniversary of being a sworn law enforcement officer and I consider delivering this missive to your court a professional and moral imperative.

I retired from NYPD in 2000 as a Lieutenant, Commanding Officer of various Manhattan Detective Squads. I have been a Special Investigator at the Nassau County District Attorney's Office since. I've earned a Bachelor's Degree in Behavioral Science from NYIT and a Master's in Public Administration from NYU.

More material to my point and the matter at hand...

While a Lieutenant with the NYPD, I was extremely privileged to be one of the very few 'outsiders' trained for two(02) months regarding serial killers and such sexual predators at the FBI's Behavioral Science Unit (think '*Silence of The Lambs*') located in Quantico, Virginia. Also, about 20 years ago, as a Special Investigator with the Nassau County District Attorney's Office, I personally conducted the long term investigation of the widely publicized allegations of criminal sexual conduct by clergy members of the local diocese.

With all that said, my message to your court is as follows;

- Please recognize the apparently unlimited demographic spectrum of Darius Paduch's victims. As he was quite interested in my law enforcement background, I'm quite sure that, on some unspeakable level, he found it particularly gratifying to be able to victimize me. Keeping that in mind, his victims ranged from purely innocent children to the most jaded of law enforcement professionals. From my experienced perspective, his stark boldness is as telling as it is intimidating. His predilections seem to defy boundaries, therefore, the breadth of his potential depredations in any future is limitless. Children deserve your extreme consideration in this arena.
- Despite the highly debatable notion that incarceration can provide some form of rehabilitation regarding more mundane criminal behavior, it has never been, nor will it ever be, considered as an efficacious therapy for such violent and deviant methods of self gratification. Simply, there is no cure. I do realize sentencing guidelines restrict you, but please keep in mind that time will not change him. His 'tastes', if you will, are no more his choice than mine or your's are ours. His term of incarceration will only provide protection for his potential future victims. Because it warrants repeating, children deserve your extreme consideration in this arena.

- You and I, as well as Darius Paduch, are among the persons that deliberately chose a profession that society necessarily accords a higher level of trust. In so doing, we've also accepted the commensurate level of accountability. As in the case before you, when this trust proves unwarranted, the jeopardy and atrocity can exceed one's imagination. Darius Paduch's premeditated and numerous trappings of this trust has a far reaching effect on the entire medical field.
- We will never know of all his victims. Not even close.

Please stop him for as long as you can.



# **EXHIBIT A-17**

Darius Paduch,

I have spent many hours reflecting on what to say to you—both on my own behalf and on behalf of the countless others whose lives you have devastated. You have caused immense damage: mentally, physically, and emotionally. And as I stand here now, I find it difficult to find words powerful enough to express the depth of the pain and destruction you've caused.

In my heart, I believe you deserve the harshest punishment available. The death penalty is what comes to mind when I think of the magnitude of what you've done. Every action has consequences, and the consequences of your actions are immeasurable. You robbed people of their dreams, their futures, and their sense of safety. The impact of your premeditated actions is felt by so many, and the ripple effects will be endured for years to come.

If only, years ago, the system that allowed you to continue unchecked had acted. Perhaps there would be fewer victims today. But despite the pain and loss, we—the victims—will endure. We will find a way to move forward, though it will never be easy. True redemption will only come when we know, without a doubt, that you will never harm another person again. When you are kept from the light of day for the rest of your life, then perhaps justice will have been served.

That is when we will find some measure of peace.

Anonymous, former patient

# **EXHIBIT A-18**

Your Honor,

I am writing to bring to the courts attention that I unfortunately was once a patient of Dr Daruis Paduch and as a result, its left me with a solid distrust of medical professionals and an underlying, ongoing sense of self-loathing. My interactions with him now make every doctor visit, big or small, anxiety-filled as I always wonder "is that supposed to happen?"

Back in 2008, I visited Dr Paduch due to a lack of intimacy-erectile dysfunction- with my wife (girlfriend at the time) in hopes of being "cured". I visited him on more than one occasion and during my time seeing Dr Paduch he prescribed me several medications, some of which fight anxiety and depression.....both of which I was not suffering from.

Up until a visit to my GP, when I mentioned to my current Doctor that I had seen Dr Paduch, and we discussed the visit did I realize that what he had done was violate me. I'm a man in my late 40's now and spent over a decade under the impression that something was "normal" when it was far from it. The inappropriate prostate check Paduch gave to me was NOT scheduled for my appointments to see him and as a naive patient I just went with the flow. He was a doctor and I trusted that whatever he did was medically necessary, because we should trust our doctors (or at least so I thought)

Keep in mind that I was only 33 years old at the time of this abuse - so I should have been old enough to know better, but I didn't and I will regret ever having met that man for the rest of my life.

And not only did he violate me, he didn't help me with my medical issue. I left Paduch's care without a solution to my loss of sexual drive and now, with the knowledge that he was self gratifying at my expense, which will last my lifetime.

# **EXHIBIT A-19**

Your Honor:

Over the course of 10 years, I visited Dr. Paduch at NYP Weill Cornell for my ongoing urology appointments. At first, I completely trusted him as he clearly appeared to be intelligent, professional, and non-threatening but most importantly because I was told by others that he was the expert for the medical treatment I was seeking. This image of him drastically changed after inappropriate interactions and conversations that were sexually motivated in nature. He used my health issue for his own sexual gratification and fantasies. I didn't speak up because I was afraid it would cause harm for his and my own reputation as a hospital employee of NYP. Ultimately, I didn't want to create any problems in my workplace, put my job in jeopardy, or bring any more attention to my health issue that I am reserved about.

Not only did Dr. Paduch cause me physical pain during various unnecessary procedures and pressure me to undergo exams that I did not need, but he also caused me mental and emotional injury. I felt disturbed after many of his appointments, and I had no one to speak to about my direct experiences with him. I felt alone and powerless. I thought I was doing right by staying silent because I had a lot of trust and faith in Dr. Paduch's knowledge, public reputation, and due to making some good progress in my treatment at times. Although my urological health was improving somewhat, I still felt guilty for always feeling very uncomfortable around Dr. Paduch and I continued to stay silent. This always haunted me. These feelings and experiences negatively impacted my self-esteem, relationships with others, and my sleep. I developed a victim mentality and was trapped.

However, today what I now acknowledge and admit is that I'm a sexual survivor of this traumatic experience. I have come to terms that I do suffer from PTSD, that I was never alone, and I'm

learning to manage my triggers and symptoms (Intrusive memories/ Flashbacks). I know that through therapy I will learn to heal from this, move on, let go of the self-guilt and shame, and come to full terms with what happened. This will take a very long time, and it will not be easy to confront but what I know for sure is that Dr. Paduch is a sexual predator. No one should be under his care ever. I will never forget how repulsive, afraid, and violated I felt. I know that I will need therapy for the rest of my life. As you read this, I ask you again to put yourself in my shoes. I am Traumatized but have hope for my healing and recovery process.

# **EXHIBIT A-20**



My name is [REDACTED] E.M. I was an unfortunate, and unnecessary surgical patient of Dr. Darius Paduch. My relationship with him as my Urologic physician was thankfully short-lived, but the experience has drastically changed my life forever.

I met Dr. Paduch in September 2022 after suffering with left sided testicular pain for a few years. Prior to meeting Paduch, I had seen multiple Urologists from various healthcare systems. Some of the physicians were colleagues from my time in Radiation Oncology. It was ultimately the Northwell Urologists who referred me to Paduch, as they considered him the surgeon of choice (whether by word of mouth or negligent irreverence). I quickly scheduled the next available consultation with Paduch, as my pain was chronic, and debilitating. We met in September 2022 where he examined me thoroughly- as any physician should. He did not use gloves for the genitalia/testicular exam, which at the time, and as another young medical professional, I was both confused, but strangely calmed by the behavior. I remember justifying this as "this guy is so in tune with his 'work'", he really needed to get an accurate feel for the problematic vasculature, or whatever he determined to be the cause of pain. I now feel disgusted I was used in that manner. We then did a prostate exam, which I did not believe I needed. At the time I was 42 years old and did not present with Urinary symptoms or pain consistent with prostatic abnormalities. We ended the exam. He determined It was necessary to book me for bilateral varicocele surgery and left sided cremaster muscle lengthening, as my left testicle was 'higher' than the right. Anything to get out of pain, I conceded.

I had surgery a few weeks later in October 2022. It was a difficult recovery period. The genital swelling felt endless. I was prescribed pain medicine, which quickly depleted. I contacted the office a few days after surgery to make sure the swelling and pain were par for the course. I recall discussing the pain and swelling with Dr. Paduch to which he had me send a picture of my genitalia via cell phone, which then expedited my pain management medications. I feel stupid for doing it, but at the time, I was in pain, and again, considered him as almost a peer. Again, I trusted the process despite my inner dialogue screaming at me. I recall a comment about the penile swelling as being 'better for sex'. Which now seemed less like something a professional and colleague would say, and more like a cover-up for negligent surgery.

A few weeks later, I scheduled my in-person post-op visit, which I believe was sometime in early November 2022. I was told by staff that Dr. Paduch was no longer working for Northwell and I would have to find another physician. Initially they had no solutions for me. I was devastated. After multiple phone calls, I pressed for a solution myself, and eventually spoke to management. I was offered one (Urologist) in Manhattan, or another in Riverhead. I live in Huntington. I am a 100% total and permanently disabled Marine Corps Veteran. I have near total loss of my vestibular system stemming from a TBI suffered during my time in the Marines. It is difficult for me to travel in a car, much less walk through Manhattan or any distances further than a few dozen feet. I was floored by what had just transpired scheduling what was supposed to be a standard post-op visit. I was in pain from the surgery. I was swollen, bleeding, in a very fragile mental state, and the fellow responsible for this was gone with the solution being to travel beyond my physical abilities.

With no other option within my means to receive care or find relief, I chose the Riverhead physician Dr. Kravchik. I would go on to have 2 additional denervating surgeries with Dr. Kravchik who valiantly tried reversing the literal pain and suffering caused by Dr. Paduch's failed and inappropriate surgery. Dr. Kravchik removed surgical staples still attached to a nerve left behind from Paduch's surgery, which provided minor relief, but not complete. I am in more pain than I was before meeting Paduch. I'm not sure this damage can be reversed, and after 2 salvaging surgeries, which could not reverse the original damage, I feel hopeless I'll ever recover from Paduch's original surgery.

Every day I am in pain- everytime I sit, or lean my waistline against the kitchen counter, or stand erect; which pulls the adherent scar tissue at the surgical site. Worst of all, my sexual experiences as a now 44 year old man are few and far between. I cannot withstand pressure whatsoever on or near the original surgical site- which translates to an inability to perform without pain- in any position one might imagine. This has affected my marriage of 20 years. It is depressing. It is emasculating. It was entirely avoidable.

# **EXHIBIT A-21**

I am struggling to write this, and even more so struggling with the choice to keep my name private or make it public. I am so hurt by it all, I want to be public, and then feel so ashamed, hurt and still physically scarred and damaged by it all, I can't imagine my name attached to such pain.

I had never visited a urologist, I had no experience with urological exams or any idea of what was to be expected. Paduch was in a world class hospital, and supposedly highly regarded in the field. My feeling was that he must be doing things right.

I drove my business partner to his first visit with Paduch, after he had finished with the exam of my business partner, Paduch said that he had an opening and could also check me since I was already there.

From the beginning of the exam I was uncomfortable, stripped naked, and told to show him how I masturbate, he chose porn on a computer in the office and told me to finish. Then he physically handled my penis to show me how I should slow down and masturbate more effectively. Paduch bent me over and examined me directly for an enlarged prostate, then he physically pressed, squeezed and massaged my penis and testicles as part of his exam, very hard.

At that very first visit, Paduch diagnosed me as having a very serious issue with one of my testicles, I don't remember the name of it. He told me that the blood vessel was wrapped around one testicle, that it's restricting the testicles ability to function properly, and that he would need to do a surgery immediately to avoid terrible problems that would soon to come and create issues with having sex, my testosterone and general well-being, he told me how lucky I was that he had that open appointment for me, and he caught this issue.

I did no due diligence, I checked nothing, I asked no questions. I was at one of the greatest hospitals in the world I thought.

Paduch scheduled the surgery very soon after that first visit, surgery went well, and then I had to come for frequent follow up visits to make sure that everything was ok, at first every three months then every six months for all the years after. The exams were always the same, a shot to get a hard on, masturbation, massaging to check the blood flow, testicles, anal exam for prostate and some blood tests etc.

This went on for years like a fucking idiot I sat there listening to how lucky I was that he saved my penis from all the damage that would've come had I not done the surgery.

Right before Paducah was removed from Weill Cornell, he noticed issues with the blood flowing out of my penis too fast and suggested I do another procedure where he would shoot a special medicine into my penis that would help. He repeatedly said that it would be so simple, no issues, he does it all the time.

This was the biggest mistake of all, my idiotic choice to stay and work with Paduch for so many years, and blindly trust his suggestions.

The chemical had a serious crippling adverse effect, a terrible open wound for months, scarred damage, and destroyed my penis and the ability for it to work properly since he

administered it. Less than a week after the procedure, while I was suffering in pain with a large open wound, Paduch was removed from the hospital.

I have never recovered, I have never felt good again in that area, I am sorry every fucking day thinking about what this fucking monster did to me. I could not and still can not speak or even think of it, I feel so stupid for allowing it, for not checking to see how inappropriate all of it is.

I spent years trying not to think or talk about it at all because I could not imagine explaining how stupid I was, and how blindly I allowed this fucking monster to mutilate me and ruin any sexual pleasure I could ever have again.

I still suffer every day, and I can't comprehend that I am even involved in such a monstrous case, the scars still hurt, the physical damage is permanent, and the amount that punish myself mentally for allowing it all to happen, is often overwhelming, I am in complete disbelief as to how stupid could I be?

I would prefer anonymity, but if it is better in any way to be upfront with my name, I am ok with that. Maybe it will help me to actually face it all instead of hiding in shame and fear.

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# **EXHIBIT A-22**

**Re: United States v. Paduch, S2 23 Cr. 181 (RA)**

Dear Judge Abrams,

The actions of Dr. Paduch during 3 visits in my teenage years have greatly affected my entire life. I first saw Dr. Paduch in June of 2011 due to being diagnosed with Klinefelter Syndrome. I was 14 years old at the time and traveled with my mom up to New York City from my home in the Philadelphia suburbs for my first appointment. During that appointment, in the exam room at Weill Cornell, Dr. Paduch asked me to provide him with a semen sample. I remember it was just Dr. Paduch and I in the room, and he told me to masturbate while he observed. I remember feeling completely panic stricken and I said no. He was trying to talk me into it and then said he would show me how it's done. I recall him sliding his chair right up in-between my legs as I sat in a slightly reclined position. He proceeded to masturbate me with his bare hands. His attempt was unsuccessful, so he pulled out a vibrator and tried with that. I had no idea what the vibrator was and it was a horribly uncomfortable and forceful experience. The vibrator attempt did not work as he had hoped so he showed me how I should masturbate at home in order to produce a sample. He took my hands and guided them. It was awful.

The next part of the appointment involved Dr. Paduch giving me an ultrasound which felt just as uncomfortable as the other things that he had done to me. He told me that he needed to check a varicocele with the ultrasound. I remember him using his bare hands and fondling/maneuvering my penis with gel. Everything he did was forceful, uncomfortable, and awkward. At the time, I thought that was just the way it had to be done. My mom apparently did call ahead and asked what would be happening and told Dr. Paduch's nurse that there was no way that I would be agreeable to providing a semen sample in the office if that was the plan, and to please assure her that they would not do that. Clearly, they did not discuss the reality of what happened with my mom and there was no way I was comfortable telling her myself.

My second visit with Dr. Paduch happened in October of 2014 when I was 17 years old. I had been to CHOP in the meantime and had a varicocele repair surgery that was not successful. The surgery unfortunately needed to be repeated. My parents were having conversations with me about retrieving sperm to freeze for later in life, so eventually we decided to have Dr. Paduch perform a testicular biopsy under anesthesia for sperm retrieval while he was repairing the varicocele. At this visit – which was supposed to be my pre-surgery consultation – Dr. Paduch again told me to masturbate in front of him, and when I refused, took over and used his bare hands & a vibrator again. He also repeated the ultrasound in the same manner that he did the first time and used the vibrator and gel again. I remember that I froze. I could not believe it was happening again.

I was terrified to see Dr. Paduch again for the surgery in February of 2015, but was also confused as to what was right or wrong. We understood that he was an expert, and I needed this surgery for two big reasons, so I felt I really had no choice. We were supposed to go back for a post op visit but thankfully my mom decided to have a local doctor look at me, so we did not have to take that trip to NYC again and we did not need to miss another day of work/school. I was so relieved to not have to go back to NYC post-surgery due to my terrible experiences leading up to the surgery, and told myself that I would have done anything to get out of it if I had to.

Dr. Paduch traumatized me. I did not have the words then as I do now, but after the abuse I felt violated, disrespected, humiliated and abused. Dr. Paduch's abuse has caused me to have issues with allowing myself to feel vulnerable and with sharing my feelings, and with intimacy. I tend to hide my emotions, and I have difficulty expressing them, even with my own parents. I can't make myself talk things out and so I just bury them and that makes me feel isolated. Intimacy is huge for me and hard to talk about. I am 27 years old, and I have never had sexual intercourse or a girlfriend. I truly believe that Dr. Paduch's sexual abuse in my past has had a major impact on all of these issues.

Lastly, one of the lasting effects from Dr. Paduch's abuse is my unwillingness to go to New York City. I associate the trauma that I felt from Dr. Paduch with New York City. I have declined a countless number of trips with friends and family to visit NYC. Last Christmas, I had to tell my parents that I could not go to NYC around the holidays because of how I felt. They had no idea, and it was hard to see their reaction to my pain. We did not go, and I don't know if I'll ever be able to go back without the thoughts and feelings of panic after what happened there.

Thank you for reading this.

Sincerely,

/s/ [REDACTED]



# **EXHIBIT A-23**

I am a former patient of Dr. Darius Paduch.

Before I start, I want to thank the Judge and the Prosecutors in this case for allowing me to the opportunity to have my voice heard in this prosecution of Dr. Darius Paduch in the context of his actions against me and my Partner. I should also mention that I have been reluctant to come forward, even after learning of the abuse that Dr. Paduch has caused to other similarly situated male patients. One never wants to think of themselves as a victim. At this point, however, and after long therapy sessions and belabored ponderings of what went on with me and my partner at Dr. Paduch's office, the fact of the matter is that Dr. Paduch did in fact victimize both me and my partner, and for that he should rightfully be judged. In 2014, my partner and I, having been together for over a decade, decided that we were ready to start a family. I am a litigation attorney, working at the time for the New York City Transit Authority. My partner, for his part, at the time was involved in high-end catering, also in New York City. With visions of starting our family in focus, we did our due diligence to find a surrogate, as well as an egg donor. Once mostly in place, our research and diligence then led us to Dr. Darius Paduch, MD, PHD at New York Presbyterian, The University Hospital of Columbia and Cornell. On or about May 15, 2014, my partner and I met with Dr. Paduch at his office to implement our first steps in what we be a long IVF Process. Dr. Paduch shocked us both when he told us both that we would need varicocele surgeries if we were to be successful in our effort to start a family. This news was strange given that we are both healthy adult males. I was 52 at the time. My partner, 15 years my junior. Now, faced with that substantial, unanticipated costs of the two surgeries was unnerving. Insurance was only helpful to a certain extent and we were wary of having to undergo unanticipated surgeries. To add to our deliberations was the fact that my dad, who is also a surgeon had advised my partner and I against proceeding with the varicocele surgeries, as did two of my best friends, also doctors. They all believed that dr. Paduch's anticipated surgery was unnecessary and a possible scheme. We did not want to believe that, afterall Dr. Paduch was affiliated with Weill Cornell, a respected institution. After raising the concerns of our doctor family and friends to Dr. Paduch, he dismissed their concerns, telling us that this is his area of specialty, not theirs, and that he was a pioneer in this area of surgery. We stupidly listened to Dr. Paduch over our family and friends and went through with the surgeries, as well as the subsequent long invasive monitoring process by Dr. Paduch through to our last treatment date on or about October 21, 2015. Over the course of the one year and 5 months that my partner and I treated with Dr. Paduch, he would often say very strange, flirty things, to me. For instance, he invited me and my partner for a "fun" weekend with him and his partner; he continually showed me pictures of his "boyfriend" on his sailboat/yacht, as well as on some of their excursions frolicking on his boat (yet, my partner and I would later learn that Dr. Paduch was married at the time to a woman); Dr. Paduch constantly encouraged me and my partner to join him and his boyfriend on his boat for an implied sexual encounter with him and his boyfriend. Totally inappropriate. To add insult to injury, Dr. Paduch would go on to give me unnecessary prostate exams (as evidenced by my medical records); had me ejaculate for several semen specimen analysis in an unsecured room, with video pornography to help me in the effort – I felt like I was being watched. Dr. Paduch (according to my Partner) had him ejaculate in Dr. Paduch's office (in his chair) to collect his sperm sample. In my partner's case, it was not to porn, but rather Dr. Paduch apparently arranged to have a third party ejaculate my partner in Dr. Paduch's office chair. Again, totally inappropriate. The evidence as against Dr. Paduch appears to establish that the varicocele surgeries that he routinely had his male patients undergo, were simply a source of money for Dr. Paduch, a "cash cow", which he used to line his pockets. I have two nasty scars now in my groin that Dr. Paduch has left me as reminder of his unconsented battery on my body, achieved through false pretense. My partner and I underwent

two varicocele procedures that were clearly unnecessary. We believed in Dr. Paduch, and when he told us that the varicocele surgeries were the only way for us to secure any possibility of having children – this was not true. Rather, it was a sexual scheme to violate us both sexually. In that, Dr. Paduch was surely successful.

# **EXHIBIT A-24**

I visited Darius Paduch for a Varicocele surgery in November of 2007 and April of 2008. The dates were 11/08/2007, 11/19/2007, and 4/24/2008.

During my first visit, he guided my 16-year old self into an exam room alone with him. He asked me questions about my masturbation and then asked me to masturbate in front of him. I did so for a minute or so with hesitation. Afterwards he made comments about how it could be improved, from his perspective. He performed a "genital exam" that included him touching my genitalia with his hands. This was uncomfortable. I don't currently recall details of my other visits with him, but I do remember refusing a second physical genital exam, and begrudgingly undressing in front of him again. I was much more guarded during the follow-up visits because I remembered being so startled during the initial visit.

# **EXHIBIT A-25**

### LETTER TO THE COURT

I saw Dr. Darius Paduch from April 2010 until August 2014. Over that time, all 22 visits with him occurred at the same location:

Weill Cornell Internal Medicine Associates  
505 East 70th Street, HT, 4th Fl  
New York NY 10021-4872  
212-746-2900

Originally, in 2010, I went to Dr. Paduch for fertility reasons as we were having issues conceiving children. Straight away, he recommended and encouraged a varicocele, which took place May 24, 2010 after just one visit and a pre-op screening. The recovery was much more difficult than what was described. I worked many tough hours at an Investment Bank at that time and was hoping to not take time off work. In the end, it was a painful and tedious recovery. However, none of my sperm tests showed any improvement afterwards.

My wife instantly liked Dr. Paduch, because she is Polish, too. Anyway, they spoke in his native tongue and as I remember his name was given to me as Dariusz Paduch back then. He had a picture of himself on a boat, sitting on his messy desk. Initiating small talk, he told me a vague story about fishing with his son. He went on to explain he had a Polish wife but they were divorced, and his son was estranged for lack of a better term. Part of Dr. Paduch's office walls were curated with holiday cards and thank you notes with pictures of happy families. Absorbing all those details, it painted the picture of a benevolent family oriented traditional physician upholding his Hippocratic oath.

In November 2010, we had our first child after several IVF attempts. In hindsight, over time we'd never produce a second child, even after about 8-9 costly attempts, and many emotionally-draining years of trying to improve our odds.

In 2011 and 2012, while seeking to conceive a second child, we were in the middle of our struggles with the IVF process. Not being an expert, I didn't know that my wife's eggs were the biggest obstacle as we'd learn later. That said, I saw no medical benefit from Dr. Paduch's previously performed varicocele. So, his next course of action was a trial and error approach to explore other ways to improve my fertility. He put me on some testosterone gel and other meds, but according to my semen analysis, none of it seemed to produce meaningful improvements. Moreover, there were many unavoidable side effects.

During 2012, I developed an unbearable case of prostatitis. I was married with one kid and not working due to a brain tumor diagnosed the year before (2011). Notably, Dr. Paduch's topics of conversation and tone had boldly changed. At one point he lamented about Polish bitches. Further, expressing some joy about his past divorce. He'd ask me about my personal life in a

small area behind his receptionist's cubicle. As time went on, he'd strategically divulge new unsolicited personal details, unnaturally off-topic as non sequiturs. In hindsight, this was all to craft a deceptive self-image in an effort to groom me for future endeavors.

As far as Paduch's staff, I still can't remember her name – but, I always dealt with the same woman there for years. His assistant was Joseph Kiper. Waiting room times were always long. Joseph would show me to the exam room when available. Sometimes, he'd even do consulting afterwards about medication instructions or such. However, he was never in the exam room during any visits with Dr. Paduch.

From 2012-2014, Dr. Paduch convinced me to visit regularly and this is where the entire dynamic took a strange turn. He highly recommended a regimen of prostate massages to placate some stones or deposits, remedy my prostatitis, and improve my sperm quality.

Understandably, I was nervous before the first prostate treatment. I was shown to a room and waited alone. Dr. Paduch came in, told me to change into a gown and he'd return with further instructions. A few minutes later he'd knock at the door. After entering alone, he had an old PC that he scrolled through porn files to select one of his choosing. He instructed me to get on the exam table on all fours, with my head down and my ass up in that position. Dr. Paduch then told me to masturbate. As you can imagine, this was super uncomfortable. Moreover, because with my brain tumor, that he knew about, ejaculations and orgasms would trigger migraine headaches at times. Furthermore, I had balance issues and attempting to balance on three limbs while stroking with the fourth was rather difficult. As I complied with his process, Paduch applied lubrication. He moved to stand next to me with the finger from one hand in my anus and his other arm by my side. I was positioned in such a way that he was on my left side. He'd hook his finger, rotate it back and forth at times, and attempt to stroke my prostate. It was extremely painful. I was very tense and he claimed this should be pain-free and the issue was my prostatitis making this uncomfortable. If I didn't know better, as I grimaced in pain, he was trying to look at my face. Frankly, standing next to me, his attention appeared to be on my facial expressions with his fingers blindly in my ass.

When I did ejaculate, I attempted to aim at the floor to alleviate the mess. He told me not to do that. He said, "Don't worry our staff will clean the room afterwards." Even after ejaculation, he kept maneuvering his finger inside me. Afterwards, pointing to the spermy mess on the exam table, he remarked that the color was grayish yellow and this was indicative of his procedure loosening bacteria, dead sperm or unwanted matter that caused such a cloudy discoloration. Due to this visible result, he declared that future procedures would be helpful. He told me to schedule regular visits for a few months and that maybe 3-4 treatments might be needed to see full benefits.

The first time was a real eye opener and left me wondering what just happened. So much so, that I'd bring this up in conversation afterwards with my neurologist and neuro psychologist.



Needless to say, in no time, I loathed these visits. After the first 2-3 milking treatments, he convinced me that I had more persistent issues than normal and continued this for over a year. In total there were about 12 or 13 appointments from 2013-2014, most were only prostate milking anal penetration episodes. At one point, he prescribed Valium for me to take an hour before. Paduch said, "this would help reduce anxiety around the massages and alleviate my aversion to penetration." It was rather tone deaf as his therapies and treatments pushed my comfort limits. Of course, It was all so aggressive, rough and painful that regardless of the valium - I noticed a difference during bowel movements afterwards. Looking back, I now realize that Dr. Paduch digitally raped me anally, repeatedly under false medical pretenses.

I could never fully see what he was doing back there. Besides, I was forced to watch porn on a small computer and my eyes were on its screen most of the time. I could only feel his hand. Dr. Paduch's manipulations would vary over the course of my treatments. Often, he'd curl his finger and aggressively turn it back and forth. Sometimes, he'd just stroke my prostate with the same motion. Over and over, in and out while I was still trying to watch porn and ease my own tension. Even after ejaculating, at times, he'd keep jamming and wiggling his fingers. Still, there were other times where he'd attempt to add more fingers, but often I'd object or ask him to stop as it became too painful. Of course, he intentionally prescribed the valium to mitigate the accelerating pain of these episodes. However, it was always uncomfortable, from start to finish, every appointment.

No specimen was ever collected in a cup. No other person was ever present. If I took too long, he'd grow flustered and pressure me to speed up my masturbation which was nearly impossible. He'd remind me that other patients were waiting. However, even with such false urgency and unhelpful pressure, I still declined those invitations. It was already so awkward anyway.

Recounting details from many different sessions. First and foremost, after my brain tumor was discovered and a failed radiation attempt in 2012, I explained to Dr. Paduch that my ejaculations triggered migraine headaches at times. He was well aware and didn't seem to think it was relevant. Anyway, many of those stressful forced masturbation, digital penetration and ejaculation sessions left me with headaches for days. In fact, afterwards I would sit in the waiting room with my ears ringing and head pounding to take a break before trekking home.

During the worst part of these prostate procedures, most of the time, he stood close, usually behind me or by my side. I was always on all fours until I got tired, even then he wouldn't stop, and Paduch would continue with me laying on my side. On some occasions, He'd breathe heavier and appeared to be excited or aroused. A few times he used a vibrating prostate massager. He told me to buy one to use at home.

So disturbing were these appointments – that again, I mentioned these treatments to my neurologist and neuro psychologist as it just felt something wasn't right. Both of them mostly just listened. Of course, this was far from either's course of expertise. Moreover, we really wanted more children and my wife had sacrificed so much that I thought this was the least I could do to contribute to the process. After all, I was at Cornell, an extremely prestigious medical establishment. Surely, everyone here was the best of the best.

Fast forward to the end of Dr. Paduch's treatments in 2014 and my anatomy just wasn't functioning the same. Over the course of his questionable care, I developed issues voiding my bladder and lost proper urination control. At that point, I was forced to seek relief from a catheter. He showed me how to insert one in an exam room and sent me home with many. It was extremely painful and embarrassing. Moreover, Even using numbing gel, anything in the urethra is difficult every single time. On top of this, those catheters and their required manipulations damaged my urethra cell tissue. Going forward, my urine stream would spray everywhere. Frankly, I could no longer stand up to urinate without making a mess. That is when I had enough and started seeking help elsewhere. Maybe, one of the best decisions I've ever made.

After that, further appointments with other doctors couldn't determine if my new issues were neurogenic or had some other root cause. I had plenty of invasive tests and procedures with objects jammed into my urethra. None of them showed objective evidence of a blockage or other issues. In the end, I may never know if Dr. Paduch's action caused or contributed to these problems. However, prior to his treatments, I had never experienced any such issues.

In the end, as soon as I terminated my care with Dr. Paduch my urological issues began to slowly diminish. I wish I had never entered into his practice. It's inexplicable how removing Dr. Paduch from my medical routines actually improved my well-being.

Looking back years later, we learned that the abundance of antibiotics prescribed to me after Lyme Disease and its coinfections in 2012 was the cause of my prostate issues. I developed an autoimmune issue that went misdiagnosed for a few years as my body responded with unaccustomed respiratory infections, C-diff and gastro infections and prostate infections. Thankfully, after seeing a rheumatologist and taking gamma immunoglobulin – all of those issues resolved on their own. Thus, my prostate issues were autoimmune symptoms and none of Dr. Paduch's procedures ever provided any objective medical benefit whatsoever. None of my other doctor's attempted such reckless care. Unlike with my prostatitis, I saw a gastro and respiratory specialist to help with those other infections and they were treated in an acceptable manner until we discovered the cause.

Prior to 2010, I rarely required any medical care at all. However, my wife wanted to have children around 2010. Unfortunately, I discovered a brain tumor during 2011 and contracted Lyme disease in 2012. Inquiring about healthcare with top executives at work, the resounding answer was always go to Cornell NY Presbyterian. I had full confidence in every doctor encountered at their facilities and held them all in high regard. In my mind, it was the absolute pinnacle of available care. Even the King of Saudi Arabia, who could seek treatment anywhere in the world, chose to have back surgery at Cornell NY Presbyterian.

Thus, as a testament of my confidence, Cornell NY Presbyterian is where they found my brain tumor, diagnosed my Lyme Disease, and where my child was born. It's where I underwent all my brain MRIs, a lumbar puncture, and various blood tests, My wife went to Cornell for cutting-edge fertility treatments. And still to this day, I continue to go for specific specialists to handle my tumor issues.

Adding quantitative context to better understand how familiar I was with Cornell NY Presbyterian. Consider not only how much they billed for my care, but notice the appointment trend decline once I stopped seeing Paduch. The following is my number of appoints at their facilities over several years:

2011 - 30 appts  
2012 - 61 appts  
2013 - 59 appts  
2014 - 52 appts  
2015 - 11 appts  
2016 - 7 appts

Regrettably, I still have residual physical symptoms from Paduch's sadistic episodes. Although I've engaged psychological care to help with the emotional damage from those experiences. Still, many unanswered questions may never be answered.

Why would another human being intentionally cause me such pain and suffering? Why was I subjected to unnecessary medical and surgical procedures? Why, was I deceived into unwanted repetitious anal raping by a psychopathic monster? Perhaps, I'm too gullible? I just never imagined that a physician at Cornell Presbyterian would ever behave as Darius Paduch treated me. Moreover, if they discovered such an unfortunate situation along the way – at the very least, **why wasn't I notified?**

I had to learn about all this during a car radio commercial. I almost drove off the road. There was no empathy, no counseling, and no accountability. Instead, I was just left to suffer in a haze of self-disgust, shame and despair. In the end, I decided to craft this statement to assist in the justice-seeking process and to prevent others from experience the same suffering.

# **EXHIBIT A-26**

From December 2020 to January 2022, I sought infertility treatment from Dr. Darius Paduch after years of unsuccessful attempts to conceive with my wife. This period marked one of the most vulnerable times in my life. Dr. Paduch, fully aware of my desperate desire for children, exploited this vulnerability through multiple instances of abusive behavior. His actions were particularly devastating given the trust I had placed in him during this emotionally fragile time.

The prolonged struggle with infertility had left me emotionally raw and desensitized to the usual privacy expectations surrounding intimate examinations. In my desperation for a child, I would have complied with almost any request from Dr. Paduch, trusting in his expertise. This mindset, combined with my vulnerable state, led me to accept examinations and procedures that I now recognize as inappropriate and abusive. The impact of Dr. Paduch's exploitation has been profound and long-lasting, compounding the already difficult journey of infertility treatment.

Dr. Paduch's abusive conduct manifested in various ways throughout my treatment. This overview touches on only a fraction of the abusive behavior I experienced, each instance contributing to feelings of violation and vulnerability that persist to this day.

The abuse was particularly prevalent during examinations, which occurred at every visit. Dr. Paduch frequently performed these examinations with his face uncomfortably close to my body, sometimes without gloves, and there were instances where no chaperone was present. His examinations were often extremely rough and painful, to the point where it seemed he was deliberately inflicting pain. For example, when examining my hydrocele and varicocele, he would squeeze and manipulate the area with excessive force, causing significant discomfort and distress.

Abuse also occurred during medical procedures. In one particularly traumatic incident, he abruptly took over an ultrasound from a technician and aggressively manhandled my genitals, causing significant pain and deep emotional trauma. Additionally, there's distressing uncertainty about what may have occurred while I was under anesthesia for surgery.

Beyond these, other instances of abuse occurred when I was alone with Dr. Paduch in his office. He would request that I come to his office to view my semen samples under a microscope. During these sessions, he would position himself inappropriately close behind me, pressing closer in a way that made me extremely uncomfortable. His behavior was consistently invasive and deeply unsettling.

The psychological impact of these experiences has been severe and pervasive, affecting numerous aspects of my daily life. I struggle with persistent anxiety, which has manifested in various areas of my life. Sleep has become difficult, with nightmares disrupting my nights. I've noticed increased anger towards the world around me, a sentiment I believe stems from the betrayal of trust I experienced. Feelings of shame, though unwarranted, continue to affect my self-perception.

The stress resulting from this trauma has taken a physical toll as well. I've experienced severe heart palpitations, which led to numerous doctor's visits and medical procedures, including wearing a heart monitor, undergoing stress tests, and an echocardiogram. Despite all these tests, everything came back normal, and the cardiologist ultimately attributed my symptoms to stress. These issues were directly linked to the stress caused by Dr. Paduch's abuse.

Perhaps one of the most significant impacts has been on my ability to trust medical professionals. What should be routine check-ups now fill me with anxiety. I find myself hesitant to seek necessary medical care, fearing a repeat of my traumatic experiences. This mistrust extends beyond just urologists; it has affected my relationship with the entire medical community.

To cope with these impacts, I've sought professional help through therapy. This process has been crucial in helping me navigate the complex emotions and challenges stemming from the abuse. However, it's an ongoing journey, and I continue to work through the trauma inflicted upon me.

Looking to the future, I remain concerned about the long-term effects of this experience on my mental and physical health. The process of healing is ongoing, and I anticipate that the impacts of this abuse will continue to manifest in ways I may not yet foresee.

The betrayal of trust by a medical professional has shaken my faith in a system designed to help and heal. It has left scars that, while not visible, are deeply felt and have altered the course of my life in significant ways.

# **EXHIBIT A-27**

Your Honor,

I was directly referred to Mr. Paduch as a “male fertility specialist” by Dr. Raymond Sultan, a urologist working for Northwell in Oceanside, New York. Dr. Sultan personally vouched for Paduch and highly recommended his thoroughness and expertise regarding my medical concerns at the time. I unknowingly experienced abuse by Dr. Paduch under the guise of “necessary medical procedures and protocols”. He almost immediately informed me he would be giving me a prostate exam upon our first meeting, he did not ask. He also physically felt and observed my genitalia with his hands, I cannot remember if he wore gloves or not. I remember trying to not to look or pay attention, as it was awkward with another male nurse ‘observing’. There was a male nurse present observing, now I assume it was to prevent further well-known abuse of Paduch, by Northwell; however, this didn’t stop Paduch from having me physically Bend over on all fours ( I was 31 at the time and never had a prostate exam before, I didn’t know this was not regular procedure). Also, the male nurse was on his cellphone the entire time, which felt very unprofessional and inappropriate. Now I wonder if he was recording a video? I do not know. After a very rough and painful, but brief “prostate exam”, he seemed to attempt to hand me a sanitizing wipe to clean the lubrication from my anus. Before I had a chance to even grab the wipe and WITHOUT any consent, he said something to the effect of “oh I got it” and wiped the lubrication from my anus. I was shocked and very uncomfortable to say the least. As I was dressing myself I made a joking comment about how “this is an awkward way to meet someone for the first time.” His immediate response was “No. it is only awkward when I put my fingers inside and they ejaculate”. I was floored by this vulgar and confusing attempt at humor. Now I know he actually did this to his patients....more accurately victims. As I left he said it was nice to meet me. I tried to make another joke saying “this wasn’t how I thought our first meeting would go, but nice to meet you too.” His response? “Don’t worry, next time I’ll buy you a beer”.

As uncomfortable and frustrating and angering of a situation, it was, I truly feel for the minors and other victims who suffered far more frequent and substantial abuse than I have. I hope he is held to the same if not higher standard of punishment than Dr. Hadden was. He is a prolific monster and Northwell, Presbyterian, should have AND DID KNOW BETTER. He came personally recommended to me. Shame on him and shame on Northwell.



# **EXHIBIT A-28**

I am writing to provide a statement regarding the sexual assault I endured by Darius Paduch while I was a patient at Weill- Cornell. His actions have caused profound and lasting trauma that has significantly impacted my life.

The doctor-patient relationship is built on trust. It's a sacred bond where patients confide in their doctors with their most intimate concerns. When this trust is violated, the consequences are devastating. While my wife and I were undergoing the physically and emotionally demanding process of IVF, Darius Paduch took advantage of my vulnerability and violated the trust I had placed in him.

Being a patient with Cystic Fibrosis, doctors are my lifeline. They're the ones who understand my condition, manage my treatments, and provide the support I need to live a full life. I trust them to help me navigate the ups and downs of CF. So I have learned to trust my doctors. As a CF patient I knew I had only about a 5% chance of being fertile since 95% of male CF patients have congenital bilateral absence of the vas deferens. I had found out from previous testing that I was indeed infertile. Darius Paduch knowing this put me through tests and procedures that caused unnecessary discomfort, embarrassment and financial burden. I was willing to do anything to help my wife become pregnant, so I trusted the process. As time went on, I was feeling more and more anxious with every appointment. The inappropriate requests, the uncomfortable examinations, but I continued because I did not want to disrupt the IVF process. I also did not want to burden my wife with my situation. I supported her through the IVF process, and put my issues aside. I voluntarily stopped seeing Darius Paduch and eventually followed up with another doctor. The sense of relief I had not having to go back to the office was a weight lifted off of my shoulders. I would put most of what had happened in the back of my mind and not think about it. However it would creep back every now and again, especially when I would go to a new doctor. The dealings with Paduch was not only a physical violation but also a deep emotional betrayal. I now know that I was being groomed for probably something much worse,

The psychological and emotional toll of this assault has been immense. I have experienced anxiety, depression, and most recently difficulty sleeping. These symptoms have significantly interfered with my ability to live day to day. Most recently there isn't a day that goes by that I don't think about what happened.

I urge the court to hold Dr. Darius Paduch accountable for his actions and to impose a sentence that reflects the severity of the harm he has caused. Justice for me and other victims is essential to prevent future acts of sexual assault.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,

# **EXHIBIT A-29**

To whom it may concern:

I first saw Dr Darius Paduch as a patient on January 20, 2013, and met with him on two other occasions on October 10, 2013 and April 16, 2014 at his office at NY Presbyterian I Weill Cornell. The reason for my visit was to find a solution to issues related to erectile dysfunction I had been experiencing at the time. Before considering the full spectrum of possible underlying causes such as my excess weight or elevated cholesterol and lipids at the time, Dr Paduch immediately suggested the possibility of surgery to provide me with a penile implant. When I rejected this idea, he proposed a series of tests on a future visit, to which I agreed. During my next visit with Dr Paduch, he brought me into an examination room with only the two of us present where he injected a substance into my scrotum to facilitate an erection. He then played a pornographic video on a television set while he operated what I believed was an ultrasound machine. He then handed me some lubricant and instructed me to masturbate in front of him while he observed on his imaging machine. As I saw him as a knowledgeable medical professional, I followed his instructions with the belief that this would provide him with meaningful feedback to assist with finding a solution to my erectile dysfunction. When I was unable to ejaculate, he suggested that we end the session. As I needed to head back to work afterward, he told me that if my erection didn't subside within a few hours that I should call his office to arrange to return for another injection into my scrotum to negate the erection. After walking around at work for several hours while trying to hide my erection from my colleagues as it was visible through my trousers, I called Dr Paduch's office and later returned for the injection he mentioned. In retrospect, the entire sequence of events seemed clearly suspicious, and during the visit I felt humiliated and violated. Several years later after divorcing my wife and embarking on a fitness journey in which I lost 50 pounds while lowering my cholesterol and lipid levels, I learned that my erectile dysfunction was simply due to relationship issues and my physical condition. I found that I was able to perform sexually quite naturally with future partners. By immediately recommending surgery and the invasive exam he performed rather than considering obvious underlying causes, his recommendations were reckless and unfounded.

# **EXHIBIT A-30**

After all these years, I am still in disbelief that I have been sexually assaulted by my own doctor. The person I entrusted with my deepest insecurity to help me attain fatherhood violated me in a way which absolutely is inexcusable. It feels as if I went to sleep after a staggeringly terrible day and have not woken from the torment yet. Paduch, and I will only refer to him as Paduch because he lost the privilege of Doctor when he so calculatingly committed those wicked transgressions. That monster took advantage of me and my wife during the most vulnerable time in our lives to date. He used our 5 year infertility journey which not only included multiple other medical facilities such as Montifore & Columbia and countless rounds of IUI and IVF to be met with disappointment and miscarriages. He exploited our dream of becoming parents and preyed on us to feed his evil appetite for sexual gratification.

When our Reproductive Endocrinologist referred us to Paduch who at the time was the head of the Urology department at Weill Cornell we felt excited and extremely hopeful because none of the previously mentioned facilities recommended I see a urologist to rule out any obstacles on my end that could be impeding conception. We were ecstatic that at Weill Cornell no stone was left unturned. We had not had such thorough care thus far. See, both my wife and I are New Yorkers and growing up we knew if you were going for the best care we had to go to Cornell. For these reasons, we were absolutely certain we had finally made the right decision and we were on the correct path to parenthood.

With that, I am thrilled to share with the expertise of our RE, we made our dream of having a family come true. That dream unfortunately has come with a very hefty price that I cope with everyday. I am plagued with random thoughts of what Paduch so selfishly imposed upon me. At times I think I am still in shock. Up until very recently, I wasn't able to share this grueling experience with anyone let alone my wife, but I thank god everyday she has always been a compassionate, patient and a very understanding woman. Unfortunately, intimacy in our marriage has suffered immensely due to this. I've had a great deal of difficulty coming to terms with what happened to me and I've been afraid to share and fearful of being misunderstood. I endure feelings of shame for the certainty I bestowed upon him which mortifies me and I often feel isolated. I even grapple with discomfort incurred by a varicocele surgery Paduch performed which I'll never know if it was medically necessary. I struggle trusting medical professionals, especially those in urology and any who need to gain viewing my body for "treatment purposes", it makes me feel tremendously uneasy. I will forever be plagued by anguish and humiliation thanks to Paduch. His actions have been deplorable to say the least. He truly fits the exact definition of predator. I implore the justice system to hold him accountable for all the atrocities he committed against me, my wife, the young boys and men throughout his entire disturbing so-called career.

# **EXHIBIT A-31**

October 16, 2024

I am a survivor of sexual abuse from a childhood neighbor in Indiana in 1988-90, and I am also a survivor of sexual abuse, as an adult, by Darius Paduch in New York City from 2012-14. Having experienced the trauma of being groomed as a child, I feel ashamed and humiliated to admit that I was completely deceived, as a grown man in my 30s at the time, by a stranger in a white coat who violated my body in exchange for the promising cures of “medical care.”

Darius Paduch is a “white collar / white coat” sexual predator. Instead of hiding in the shadows of a basement or a bedroom closet, he carried out his abuse against me freely in medical examination rooms in one of the most prestigious hospitals in the world. I do not expect that he will ever take accountability for his many injustices, no matter how severe his punishment, though I contemplate how many of his distinguished colleagues and administrators turned a blind eye to his ongoing malpractice against other victims like me.

His sexual abuse cloaked as “medical treatment” had the complete negative effect on me personally and has forged a permanent, irreversible distrust of my own mind and my own body. This should never have happened.

Despite being a grown adult with past childhood trauma from sexual abuse, I have accepted that I was not in a position to set proper boundaries during what was supposed to be a safe environment for receiving medical care. That did not equate to me consenting to or deserving the sexual and psychological abuse I suffered from Darius Paduch.



# **EXHIBIT A-32**

**Re: United State v Paduch S 2 Cr 18 (RA)**

Your Honor,

All these years, Mr. Paduch has been on my mind, and I say this because he doesn't deserve to be called a doctor. When one is given the privilege of being called a doctor, one should uphold those standards with compassion for patients and morals. As an EMT, for the past 22 years, I have overseen patient care and made life decisions regarding medical necessity for my patients. I had patients in their most vulnerable states being victims of assaults, high overdoses and alcohol intoxication, and it never crossed my mind to take advantage of these patients. No I would want the same treatment when I'm a patient and trust my life in a doctor's care. I didn't get that treatment from Mr. Paduch. Instead, I had this health care provider who put his sexual gratification first and patient care last. I wondered all these years how and why I let this man violate me. I trusted him; they said he was one of the best urologists, and he had Dr. in front of his name. Mr. Paduch took full advantage of me. He used the fact that he was able to ask me to be naked and examine my genitals to his advantage, and assaulted me. Mr. Paduch violated me as a man, a patient, and a human being. I am glad that he no longer has Dr. in front of his name, and ask that he be given a sentence that reflects the trauma he inflicted on me and all his victims. Mr. Paduch is the equivalent of a person who commits crimes all their life, and that is who he should be with for the rest of his life.

Sincerely,

E.K.

# **EXHIBIT A-33**

Dear Judge and Members of the Court,

My name is [REDACTED] D. [REDACTED]. I am a former patient of Dr. Paduch. I started seeing him in March 2014 at the age of 25. At the time, I was preparing for my career in finance, which began in April 2014. My first consultation with him was to address erectile dysfunction that I was experiencing. Before I go into detail, I just want to state that I hope this final statement will serve justice for myself and every patient who was taken advantage of by Dr. Paduch. I also hope the hospitals that should have been overseeing his practices will put a plan in place to monitor potentially abusive behavior—such as by sending random questionnaires to patients, asking about their experiences on prior visits to rule out foul play and patterns. I believe this could help end sexual abuse by doctors.

So, what do I think of Paduch? I believe he is a very educated man who knew how to act professionally with his patients; however, he used this skill to manipulate myself and even younger patients at the time. He made everything appear to be “normal procedure.” Because I had not previously been under the care of a urologist, he took advantage of that, preying on me and making his actions seem routine. I didn’t question it because I trusted that it was standard practice. Ultimately, he wasn’t acting in my best interest. He gave me whatever I asked for, blinding me to the sexual abuse and misconduct that I experienced during every visit.

The sexual abuse and misconduct were only part of the overall impact on my life. The financial, mental, and physical effects, both short and long-term, have played an even larger role. The abuse became normalized for me, and I was blind to it—that’s the best way I can explain it. During my first visit, he took blood work, had me masturbate into a cup while watching pornography on his laptop, and performed an ultrasound on my testicles. I didn’t question it at the time because he was willing to prescribe me testosterone and Adderall, which I thought I needed to function better at my new job. Although I second-guessed the experience, I avoided thinking too much about it. During that first visit, he didn’t prescribe me any erectile dysfunction medication—just testosterone, Adderall, and Clomid in an attempt to raise my sperm count, which he said was zero.

I continued to see him every three months to check my sperm count. Each time, he had me masturbate into a cup while watching pornography on his laptop. He claimed he wanted to do genetic testing and freeze my sperm for research purposes, especially after my sperm count increased in the same month, I told him my fiancée at the time got pregnant. He never gave me proof of my initial zero sperm count, nor did he provide any test records or genetic testing results through Weill Cornell’s app or physically. He didn’t even document some of these visits. The only proof I had were a few emails exchanged with his nurse, which I fortunately never deleted.

After a year and a half of this “hormone therapy,” he scheduled me for varicocele surgery, which I didn’t feel I needed or wanted, since I had no pain. He claimed it could potentially bring back my sperm count, but he failed to mention the two ugly scars he would leave me with on my pubic bone.

I saw Paduch for another six years, until mid-2020, though there was a gap when he transferred to NYU Langone. After the transfer, I noticed he seemed different, which led me to reflect on the years I had spent under his care. Paduch frequently made strange comments, like telling me I was a fit guy who didn't need performance-enhancing drugs. I even asked him about penis enlargement surgery, to which he responded, "My son is 18 years old and wants his penis bigger too, and he has one of the biggest penises I've ever seen!" On one occasion, he commented, "Why are all of you Staten Island guys the same?" after I asked about coming off testosterone to improve my sperm production as per his recommendation. Initially, I didn't think twice about the remark, but over time, I realized it had sexual undertones, especially considering how he seemed to focus on guys who were into fitness and physical appearance. He definitely seemed to have "a type"

During one appointment in 2018, he had me get on all fours on the examination table before performing a rectal exam that he said was necessary because I mentioned a slight leakage of urine and semen after using the bathroom. As he performed the exam, he forced me to ejaculate by pressing on something while I was flaccid. I remember feeling deeply uncomfortable and embarrassed. I am a heterosexual man, but this experience made me question myself. Afterward, he told me I had an enlarged prostate and chronic prostatitis but never prescribed any treatment or followed up on the diagnosis.

At that time, I was already struggling mentally. I had been diagnosed with Bipolar Disorder 1 in August 2018 and had been hospitalized for suicidal ideation the previous month. I had shared this information with Paduch, which made me even more vulnerable. He took full advantage of my mental state. During a follow-up in November 2018 for my erectile dysfunction, I had another disturbing experience. While I was masturbating into a cup, Paduch walked in and commented, "Why is it taking so long?" I was not able to get hard; obviously, the reason I am here in the first place. So, he says "let's inject this into your penis." It was some type of injectable viagra. 15-20 minutes later, he comes in again while I am in the middle of trying and I still have no luck; he then says, "how are you doing it? Do I need to show you?" I said, "um, no" and I laughed uncomfortably; he then says show me how you are doing it; so, I showed him, and he was like, "you're doing it too hard my lord, go slower and easier and don't just masturbate your head." "My lord" was a phrase he used often. Not sure if it meant anything. Then, he goes on to have his nurse inject me with an additional cc of that viagra. 20 minutes more go by, he comes in again; I am still not hard! At this point, I know it's mental for me because I'm feeling the side effects of this medication like the weird vision and stuffiness that I get with viagra. He then said, "okay let's do this, we are going to put another 1cc of the injectable in your penis, and you're going to run across the street for an MRA. You should be able to get somewhat hard for 30 minutes to an hour. We are giving you enough to get a horse hard". So, I'm like "okay" while tensing up for another 3rd and final painful shot into my penis, which wound up looking all bruised after this. I run across the street to the office for the MRA of my penis, which is finally hard now that I am out of his office; and have to explain to the girls at the desk why I am there and why I am cutting 10 people in line since he failed to give them the heads up that I was

coming. Just another embarrassing moment to mention. After the MRA, I run back to his office across the street and wait for the results. He tells me that we will do a penile ligation and venous stripping surgery. He tells me it's going to make my penis much bigger and harder, but I'll still need to take Cialis and that insurance would cover it. So, I agreed.

Two months later, I underwent penile ligation and venous stripping surgery. After the surgery, Paduch mentioned using Juvederm filler to even out the shape since the surgery caused one area of my penis to bulge out and be much wider, but he disappeared for months. When I finally saw him again, he injected Kenalog to reduce scarring, but it left my penis significantly thinner in that one bulging spot, more curved, and embarrassingly deformed and shorter. I walked out of his office that day feeling suicidal again.

To summarize, Dr. Paduch's actions have impacted me in nearly every area of my life:

**Addiction and Health Issues:** He gets me addicted to a high dose of Adderall; to this day I am on Adderall on top of bipolar medication and Cialis. However, I'm dosed at 45mg per day now vs the 60mg he gave me for 6 years. There are days I can't even get up in the morning. My heart rate is always above 110 while I have it in my system and, my blood pressure is high; I run the risk of a heart attack because of it. I had to see a cardiologist at one point and do a nuclear stress test to make sure my body could handle it. That doctor said I was too young to start blood pressure medication and that it is only high because of the adderall, most likely. And if I try to come off, which I can't, I am completely useless because I will sleep for 24 hours straight subsequently having anxiety attacks because of so much sleep. Thankfully, I have a psychiatrist and psychologist who care, but at a cost that I will have for the rest of my shorter than would be life. This whole mental battle and medication battle adds up substantially because it effects every other part of my life.

**Career Loss:** Now, I am on disability for the rest of my life because of this mental battle and medication battle. I am making substantially less than what I would have as I was a consistent top performer at my company. For example, prior to disability my income was \$155,000 to \$175,000 a year; following my disability, the top performers in Manhattan, which is where I was based, had made over \$400,000 in 2022, with one employee who was in my role making \$700,000. This fact eats me up alive alone. The potential income I had lost, since 2018, alone is unfathomable.

**Mental Health Decline:** Not only am I dealing with income loss and health expenses beyond the average for someone my age due to my disability of Bipolar Disorder, that was most likely triggered as a result of the unnecessary Adderall dose and use, but I am also dealing with the emotional and mental part of it. Highs and lows. The depressive lows are always suicidal; I'm constantly dealing with financial issues. But most of all I am living with the painful thought that my daughter may not be mine because of Paduch making it like his hormone therapy worked as soon as I told him my ex got pregnant. Just for the record, my wife and I now had unprotected sex for the last 6 years and she hasn't gotten pregnant once. This fear that my daughter isn't mine

is real and something that I have to just deal with for the rest of my life, for my daughter's sake and my sake.

Relationship Strain and Physical Pain: Not only does this effect me mentally; but it effects my wife mentally and our relationship. We are constantly in therapy because of arguments that ALWAYS stem from the root cause, which for me in my mind is not having sex like we used to prior to my surgery. Since my surgery, it's like I have to fight and try too hard to have her to want to have sex with me. It's embarrassing and depressing and always has me feeling like I'm not good looking or my penis isn't big enough or just plain ugly. I'm in a constant battle over it; because of this whole thing, she thinks I'm gay too. Then there's the days she says she doesn't want to have sex because it hurts her due to the deformed shape and that it gives her infections since I get bacterial infections in the part that he shrunk with Kenelog. And when she finally does have sex with me, which is maybe once a month, it always feels like she's only doing it to make me happy. It's actually unreal that I have to feel this way. Moreover, not only is it painful for her, but it is painful for me too. Every time, I get hard it hurts; the veins within it are always hard (I assume they are scarred too; I never followed up on this), but, even when soft, they feel like metal wires. My pubic bone is frequently swollen; probably as a result from 1 or both of the unnecessary surgeries. And the constant infections I now have is just unpleasant and no way to live. I wish it can just be reconstructed at this point.

And last but definitely not least, the toll his sexual abuse has played in my life, has not only affected my relationships, but the way I act with everyone. I'm constantly defensive about everything. Just to define defensive, it means "a reaction to criticism or feedback that someone perceives as a threat to their self-esteem or sense of identity. It's a way to protect oneself from feeling uncomfortable, ashamed, hurt, or angry, and to avoid taking responsibility for an action". This sums up the way I am with everyone now because of his sexual, mental, and physical abuse and comments over the years. In the end, my real fear is dealing with this again by seeing another urologist, which I haven't since. The risk of this fear alone holds a great amount of weight when it comes to my overall health and wellbeing.

In conclusion, financial compensation won't erase the physical and emotional pain or undo my permanent disfigurement. However, it will help me regain some control over my life and afford the necessary treatments, care, and surgeries I will likely need. I hope the compensation reflects the severity of the abuse I endured and the lifelong effects it has had on me, my wife, and potentially my children. Thank you for listening to my statement. I trust that justice will be served based on the evidence provided, and I hope that this case's closure will allow me to begin healing.

# **EXHIBIT A-34**



I went to Dr Paduch because I was experiencing problems with my prostate and having fertility problems. But while being examined and tested, I was sexually abused by Paduch. A primary care doctor had recommended Paduch highly, and I went into the appointment trusting him and trusting that he would use his expertise to help me. But Paduch used the examination of my prostate and the testing of my sperm as a way to sexually abuse me. I left the appointment very confused, grossed out, and embarrassed.

I request that my name be redacted from the legal proceedings.

Thank you,

# **EXHIBIT A-35**

Dear Judge,

This person has made severe physical emotional and psychological damage for me and my family for forever. The damage has been so extreme that I am living life of totally not worth living. It's frustrating that my family (my wife) is living with equal damage for things that she had not planned for at her young age and going through the same pain and isolation everyday with me. We are just trying to live ever day thinking about our kids and while we are going through this, the actual responsible individuals is getting shield and protected. I don't know which world we are living here and what example we are setting for next generation. This is completely shocking.

# **EXHIBIT A-36**

10/17/2024

Dear Sir/Madam,

I am writing to bring to your attention the troubling experience I had as a long-time patient of Dr. Darius Paduch. Dr. Paduch served as both my reproductive urologist and primary urologist. Initially, I sought his expertise due to fertility issues my wife was experiencing. Following his recommendation, I underwent a Double Verecocle Surgery which resulted in the birth of our child. However, subsequent to the surgery, I encountered numerous complications including sexual dysfunction, persistent pain, and minimal impact on my testosterone levels.

Throughout the years, Dr. Paduch's conduct and dialogues during consultations became increasingly unprofessional and distressing. He frequently made inappropriate comments about my physical appearance, subjected me to in-office procedures without anesthesia, and made unwelcome and degrading remarks calling me girly and having me masturbate to be examined while he was in room, many times without gloves worn. This has led to ongoing physical and emotional distress, including urinary infections, scarring of my shaft that makes me spray all over as I urinate, and decreased sexual function.

As a result of Dr. Paduch's actions, I am now pursuing corrective surgery with uncertain prospects of success. The impact of these experiences has been profound, leaving me feeling deeply affected and betrayed by a medical professional I had placed my trust in.

Sincerely,

Anonymous

# **EXHIBIT A-37**

I feel great pain as I write this knowing that I put my child in the hands of such evil for eleven years. January 10, 2007 was the first time I took my son to Darius Paduch. He continued to see him until 2018. My son was diagnosed prenatally with KS. He received excellent early intervention services. I knew, upon entering puberty, that he would need HRT therapy. After meeting Darius Paduch at a KS& A conference, I was confident in his expertise and trusted him with my son's care. I knew that many parents from, as far away as California, were taking their son's to him as well.

After visiting Darius Paduch, at an early appointment, I was surprised when he mentioned masturbating to his father and myself. I had expected to hear about HRT, but Darius brought up saving sperm to preserve my son's future fertility. Later, I even took my son to Manhattan Cryo and feel so guilty now thinking about him having to have his sperm preserved at such a young age. I was so convinced that what Dr. Paduch was telling me about how important saving his fertility was the I put my son in a terrible position.

I can remember seeing changes in my son's behavior around 11 or 12. I was finding inappropriate explicit writings. I was finding him writing things on Facebook that were alarming. The more concerned I became the more aggressive he became with me. As his mother, I knew something was wrong but could not figure it out.

As he went into his teenage years, things got worse. He became defiant to the point of raging. The holes in the walls and doors are evidence of that. Every time we had to go into NY to see Dr. Paduch he was angry. He would sit, arms crossed, not talking. At one appointment I spoke with Dr. Paduch about this behavior. He talked with my son, and myself, for maybe 10 minutes. He asked my son why he was acting this way and told him that he shouldn't treat his mother this way. I can remember my son just sitting there, slumped in the chair, just waiting to leave. He started refusing to use testosterone and I would have to stand over him to see that he used it.

Between 13 and 18 things became unbearable. He went to Denmark as an exchange student. He was sent home after three months for violating their alcohol use policy. By the time he graduated high school, our relationship had deteriorated to the point that he was barely speaking to me. His anger was intolerable.

He did take an interest in white water rafting at a nearby rafting center and skiing as a local ski area. He found solace in nature. He had been involved in scouting and spent time hiking and camping. He can be proud of the fact that he achieved the rank of Eagle Scout. I found it very strange and sad when he said he did not want any ceremony.

He attended college for one year with the intent of getting certifications in outdoor adventures. He left school after one year and never returned. In 2019 he received a letter from Weil Cornell that Dr. Paduch had stopped seeing patients. This was no longer relevant since my son had refused to go back to Dr. Paduch and had stopped using HRT all together by then.

After leaving college, he took the Subaru Impreza, his father bought for him, and went to New Hampshire to work at a

ski resort. He was unable to live with others and began living in his car. I had no more say over what he did. He has not kept a steady job since. For months at a time I wouldn't hear from him.

In 2021 his father passed away. He took his father's Ford Escape and drove to Colorado. During the winter, he found work at a ski resort, and in the spring as a white water raft guide. All while continuing to live in the car. He had sent some very angry texts to me. I had to find help for myself and started going to Nar a non. He told me, on a number of occasions, how he was using various drugs. I believed it to be "self medication". Nar a non and therapy are helping me understand my son better and how his trauma has affected me as well.

None of what happened, all these years, made sense to me until Christmas morning 2023. He came home right before Christmas. On Christmas Eve I went to my brother's house. My son was not invited because of incidents he had with his cousin years earlier. Christmas morning I came downstairs. He was sitting on the couch. He said, "Mom, I have to talk to you." He told me he had had a panic attack the night before. He apologized for an incident that happened years before. It was at that point I finally had the courage to ask him if something had happened to him, if another boy had done something to him. He said no. What he said next will be seared on my memory forever. He said, "I wish Dr. Paduch had let me keep my innocence a little longer." He ended the conversation and left. I went upstairs searched Dr. Darius Paduch on my phone. What I saw shocked me. I couldn't breathe and

just sobbed. I found my son, who was at his father's gravesite, and showed him what I had found. He didn't go into detail with me, but did express how he found it impossible to go to college and do all these things he was expected to do.

Going forward has been difficult. He no longer lives in a car but a van I bought for him. He has no steady employment. Rather he travels from the place to place for work. I believe Kayaking and skiing are his therapy. He still "self medicates". He and I are trying to rebuild a relationship, but trust is a challenge for him with anyone. He tells me he can not live in a "suburban area". Lots of people, noise, lights, and buildings are overwhelming. He has good days when he finds a place in the woods or very rural area where it is dark and quiet.

I have learned, from my own therapy, that the trauma he experienced leaves permanent damage. I see what the damage has done to his life and mine. I had to give up all the hopes and dreams I had for him. I have had to deal with massive guilt and am still learning to forgive myself and my son for all I went through with him. Our family is forever fractured. I watch how my son is unable to connect with family members but am grateful that he keeps in some contact with me. I have learned that I have to let him contact me. I can not assume he will answer when I call. I see how things I say or do can trigger aggressive responses. I watch how his "trust" issues have interfered with job opportunities and relationships.

He will live with the trauma Dr. Paduch inflicted on him, in turn myself, and other family members for the rest of his life and ours. Trauma is a chain reaction. The bitterness and anger it can create is like a cancer that spreads to all of us. His aunts, uncles, and cousins, on his father's side, don't understand why he does not contact them. I do. But can not share why because of the confidence I promised to keep for him.

Doctors take an oath to, "First, do no harm." Darius Paduch does not get to justify his actions. He does not get to tell his victims that these were "medically necessary" procedures. He did irreparable damage to my son and in turn myself and our family.

I want to end this by thanking each of the victims that came forward to shine a light on all this darkness. I can not imagine the pain you endured. I applaud your courage and resilience. Thank you for being a voice for all the other voiceless victims and for helping bring closure to all of us who suffered along with our children. Thank you Margaret Colson, Elizabeth Espinosa, Jun Xiang and Ni Quan for prosecuting this case and thank you Judge Abrams for delivering justice to the victims.



# **EXHIBIT A-38**

**Re: United States v. Paduch, S2 23 Cr. 181 (RA)**

Dear Judge Abrams,

I first saw Dr. Paduch several years ago. During an appointment, Dr. Paduch told me I had a low sperm count and needed to learn to masturbate correctly. I told him that I was happily married. Paduch laughed at that. He then asked his assistant to retrieve something. Once the assistant had left the room, he began to masturbate me. I was shocked and stunned. Beyond masturbating me, Paduch held my penis and massaged and caressed it. I was deeply uncomfortable throughout the abuse, but felt that I could not stop it given that Dr. Paduch was a physician. After I endured this abuse, I stopped seeing him and felt that could not tell anyone.

I have lived with memories of the abuse since then, and it hurts me to relive what he did to me.

Sincerely,

*/s/Anonymous*

# **EXHIBIT A-39**

**Re: United States v. Paduch, S2 23 Cr. 181 (RA)**

Dear Judge Abrams,

I first met Dr. Paduch in 2006, when I felt a lump in my left testicle, which he diagnosed as a varicocele - he and his team operated and removed it. The procedure went well and I trusted Dr. Paduch for future care.

Following continued pain in my testicles, I saw Dr. Paduch to determine the cause, which culminated in a trans-rectal ultrasound. During this procedure, Dr. Paduch asked me what porn I liked to watch and instructed me to masturbate in the room with him to completion, while simultaneously penetrating my anus for an extended period of time. This was incredibly traumatic - I was afraid something terrible had transpired the moment he left the room, and I felt deeply ashamed following the procedure. However, I also thought that as a doctor he knew what was best and I leaned into my trust in him that he was doing the right thing.

For years I kept what happened to myself, only speaking out about it with friends and explaining it using humor to try to process the feelings of violation and trauma. This legal process has helped validate my feelings of abuse while also forcing me to confront the trauma of my abuse. I hope when considering Dr. Paduch's sentence, you look past the actual crime and think deeply about the lifelong impact his actions have left on his victims.

For me, his assault has left me with permanent sexual dysfunction and sexual intimacy problems, sex now scares me and is an exercise in anxiety, not pleasure. I do not trust anyone in positions of authority, especially doctors, which puts my long-term health at risk. I am in therapy, probably for the rest of my life, for severe anxiety and depression, which led to near-daily thoughts of suicide and self-harm for almost a decade.

These are just a few examples of the permanent damage Dr. Paduch's actions have wrought. I truly hope that he spends the rest of his life in jail so that I and his other victims can have a measure of peace that this predator will never be able to hurt anyone ever again.

Regards,

*s/Anonymous*

# **EXHIBIT A-40**

**Re: United States v. Paduch, S2 23 Cr. 181 (RA)**

Dear Judge Abrams,

Unfortunately, I cannot attend Dr. Paduch's hearing due to a recent diagnosis of pancreatic cancer. Below is what I would have said to Dr. Paduch, if I could have been there in person.

As I walked into your office in 2011, I never knew the pain and suffering you would cause me even to this day. When you started to sexual abuse me and perform unspeakable acts, it brought back memories of when I was sexually abused by an acquaintance in the 90's. When you started to touch me, I froze in fear, not knowing what to do and would anyone believe me. You had authority and I did not. You were the physician, and I was a patient. Your trial reassured me, justice was served in this case. The emotional, physical, and psychological trauma you caused me, and my marriage is reprehensible. The sexual damage, depression, anxiety, shame, and guilt I face every day since 2011, will never be forgotten. The only way I have survived the sexual abuse you caused me was by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and my wife. God has been there every step of the way. His love is unwavering. I pray you receive justice for what you did to me and so many others.

Thank you,

/s/ Anonymous

# **EXHIBIT A-41**

**Re: United States v. Paduch, S2 23 Cr. 181 (RA)**

Dear Judge Abrams,

I was a victim of Darius Paduch for over ten years. He manipulated me into thinking he was my only hope for treating my condition and that he wanted what was best for me. There was never any doubt in my mind that he was guilty of everything that he was charged with and more. Clearly, Dr. Paduch never cared for me or any of his patients, only his own sexual gratification.

I do not want to repeat the stories that I and so many victims experienced or go into detail about the terrible things that Darius Paduch did; the court has heard much of that already. I will say that Dr. Paduch's abuse was extensive and horrific, lasting over a decade.

Dr. Paduch used my greatest dream against me – my hope of one day being a father and having a family. Since I was young, I have taken steps to prepare for fatherhood. When I dated, I looked for a partner who could one day be the mother of my children. When I bought a car, I looked for one that would be safe for my future kids. Everything in my life was geared towards being a father one day.

I first went to Dr. Paduch in 2009 for treatment for Klinefelter Syndrome. During that appointment I told him that my number one goal in life was to have kids. Dr. Paduch turned around and pointed to 30 or so baby pictures on the cabinets and wall behind him. He told me that many of his patients had previously been told that they could not have babies but had realized this dream with Dr. Paduch's help, and he could do the same for me.

From that day forward I committed myself to his treatment because I believed Dr. Paduch would help me achieve my dream.

Paduch's abuse has left me with permanent injuries that cannot be undone. I have been working on coping and recovering from the memories, the physical abuse, and the abuse of power. Paduch's abuse has created in me a complete distrust in humans, a hypervigilance of stranger's behaviors, the inability to see the innocence in every day kind actions, the inability to trust men – especially one on one or with my family, the insecurities about myself, the difficulty to concentrate on and live in the moment, the discomfort in being touched or seeing others touch while connecting in a conversation, and so much more. Some of these things make it extremely difficult to succeed professionally, others limit my ability to make new friends or connections, and all of them make it impossible for me not to run a million what-ifs in my mind, always wondering if today the people around me and my family will become like him.

I was not like this before I met Paduch. I remember so many interactions with others that included touching and trust, innocent acts of friendship and love, and nonromantic love between friends, which all happened before my first visit. Dr. Paduch's abuse has permanently changed my ability to trust doctors and other men. While I am doing everything I can to heal, I am beginning to understand that this abuse cannot be completely undone.



Dr. Paduch's abuse is complex. He used my dreams of being a father against me. He submitted me to medically unnecessary treatment that worked against my dream of being a father. He shattered my trust in others. No matter how much counseling and personal effort I put in I cannot get back who I was when I first met Dr. Paduch.

Thank you for listening and for allowing me to contribute. Paduch horrifically abused me and stole my opportunity to be a biological father. Broken promises do not get their day in court, and the court might not have heard this part of my story, even though it's the part that hurts the most. I am sure I am not alone in experiencing this, so thank you for allowing me to share.

Regards,

*/s/Anonymous*

# **EXHIBIT A-42**

10/17/2024

Your Honor,

I, **A.S.G.**, became a patient of Dr. Paduch in 2022. My wife and I were having a hard time conceiving so I chose to have myself checked for fertility issues. I found Dr. Paduch on a Google search for an Urologist in my area. His reviews were good and his affiliation with Northwell Health made me think I was going to be taken care of by the best. Dr Paduch told me that I had varicose veins around my testicles, and I needed to have surgery to correct this issue to increase my sperm count and to prevent any pain from my testicles, in the future. He was extremely convincing. I have never felt any pain in my testicles prior to this conversation. I was scheduled for the surgery in summer 2022, and my life has never been the same since. After this surgery I have constant pain in my testicles. Working for the New York City Department of Transportation as a mechanic, my daily tasks at work have become painful and dreadful. Everyday, all day i have this pain. I also carry this anger with me every day, because I am reminded of him and what he has done to me. He has also affected my wife, who has been so supportive of me. Our intimacy has dwindled and she is still so supportive of me. I am horrified to even think of seeing another urologist to help me with this pain. I will need to find a therapist to help me deal with this anger that I have. Because it's starting to affect me and my loved ones. Your honor I beg you not to let him get away with this!

Sincerely,

**A.S.G.**

# **EXHIBIT A-43**

With my testimony and that of others, it is my sincerest hope that you never get the chance to harm anyone ever again. Patients came to you vulnerable and you completely exploited them for your own sinister and perverted desires. You had a chance to make difference in the lives of many, and you squandered it. I commend all who came forward and the courage they demonstrated. Collectively we were the voices of justice.

# **EXHIBIT A-44**

**Re: United States v. Paduch, S2 23 Cr. 181 (RA)**

Dear Judge Abrams,

It's been 15 years and I'm relieved that Dr. Paduch has been convicted. I still have flashbacks from my very first appointment and that day still haunts me like it happened yesterday. The things he did were very traumatic to me especially because I was only a 15 year old boy. I can't erase those disturbing moments but at least I can get justice from a bad man going to prison for a very long time.

Evan Stewart